

# THE DIAL.

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## ROMAIC AND RHINE BALLADS.

*Margaret Fuller*

"I never could trust that man nor woman either, nor ever will, that can be insensible to the simple ballads and songs of rude times; there is always something wrong in them at the core."

SINCE such is the opinion of a contemporary, we hope that his friends, at least, will rejoice in having their attention directed to collections as fine, in different ways, as those of the old English or Border ballads, which have fallen into our hands just when they were most needed, refreshing episodes in such a life as is led here.

First in order, though not first in favor, comes *Rheinsagen aus dem Munde des volks und Deutscher Dichter*, Traditions of the Rhine from the mouths of the people and German poets. By Karl Simrock.

A happy man is this Simrock, a "Dr." too, Doctor of Romance, for at the end of this volume are printed advertisements of the Nibelungen lied, translated by K. S. —, twenty lays of the Nibelungen restored according to the intimations of Lachmann, by K. S. —, Wieland, the Smith, German heroic Saga, together with ballads and romances by K. S.

A happy man, a pleasant life! to dwell in this fair country, to bathe and grow from childish years in the atmosphere of its traditions, its architecture, and the aspect of nature by which these were fostered; then, as a grown man, to love, to understand them, and find himself in them, so that he became their fit interpreter. Such are the only

interpreters, children of the era of which they speak, yet far enough remote to see it in memory. This tender fidelity, this veneration for the ancient institutions of the fatherland is not only remote from, but inconsistent with anything tame, servile, or bigotted in character ; for to fulfil the offices of this natural priesthood supposes great life in the priest, intellectual life to comprehend the past, life of the affections to reanimate it, life of faith to feel that this beauty is not dead but sleepeth, while its spirit is re-born into new and dissimilar forms. This gentleness, this clearness of perception, combined with ardent sympathy, this wide view are shown in the manner of preparing this garland with which

“ the Rhine

May crown his rocky cup of wine.”

It is good for us in this bustling, ambitious, superficial country, where every body is trying to do something new, where all the thought is for the future, and it is supposed the divine spirit has but just waked up, and that the blunders, committed on the earth during this long slumber, are now at once to be corrected by the combined efforts of men still crude and shallow-hearted, or the scheme of some puny intellect ; it is good for us to look abroad and learn to know the weakness which waits upon our strength by seeing the benefits of that state, where men believe that God rules the past as well as the future, that love and loyalty have bloomed and will bloom like the rose, the common ornament of each of his years, and that hate and falsehood have been, as they will be, permitted conditions of man's willing choice of virtue. It is good to hear, sometimes the silver trumpet, sometimes the rude fish-horn blown by breath that stifles in the utterance, calling to Repent, for the acceptable year of the Lord is come ; but it is also pleasant to see men watering flowers upon a grave, gazing up with reverence to the ivied ruin and placing their gifts on the ancient shrine, pleasant to see them singing the songs and copying the pictures of genius now past from us, and translated elsewhere ; for He the Lord hath spoken, then as now, hath spoken the word that cannot grow old, and whose life to-day alike interprets and recreates its life of that other day.

Every genius is a reformer, but if he is a radical reformer, it may be to loosen the earth and let in sun and rain to the root, rather than to pull it up. This piety of the Germans has its two excesses, making them sometimes Phantasts, sometimes Pedants, but the soaring temper is always subject to the one danger, the severe and devout to the other. They are good people, and like the knights, and priests, and cathedral-loving monarchs of whom these Sagas sing, except in a less martial glance or grasp of the hand, for now the vocation is changed, and their eyes are bleared over the chronicles of men who lived in warmer blood a hastier life, and the hand has lost all cunning save that of the pen, but could the old time come again, it would find the same stuff of which to make the same men. It would find its religion in the form of skepticism, and its love hid under a stranger mask, but still doing as of old the appointed work, and with that vigilance and loyalty which mark the clime.

Rivers, like men, have their destiny, and that of the Rhine, one would think, must have been worked out. Not a step does the stream advance, unmarked by some event of obvious beauty and meaning. The castle and cathedral, with their stories and their vows, have grown along its banks as freely as the vine, and borne as rich a harvest. All things have conspired to make the course of the river a continuous poem, and it flows through this book almost as sweet and grand, as beneath its proper sky.

The book commences with the ballad called *Staveren*. It is written in the old woman's negligent, chronicle measure, and forms an admirable prologue to the book. It is the famous story of a city swollen by prosperity to that pitch of pride and wickedness that make its destruction inevitable. The devotees to money need not go to the desolate plains of Syria for their admonition, they may find it in a common voyage, if they will pause upon the waters of the *Zuyder Sea*.

It is a fine thing for a ballad to suggest so naturally and completely its pictures, as this does. Its burden is, "look down into the waters, and see the towers and spires of *Staveren*," and then look landward and you have before you the sudden rush of the sea which, in a manner so simple, wrought this doom.

Sodom must perish, but the intercession of Abram, whose pious mind is expressed in his strivings for the wicked city, casts a gleam of light into the pit of sin. A gentle warning given by a good man sheds a similar soft hue upon this story of Staveren. A maiden, the richest heiress of the city, summons her sailing master, and says, "take twelve moons' time for your voyage, and bring me back as cargo the noblest that earth can produce." He replies, "At once I obey and weigh the anchor, but tell me more nearly what you want; there are so many noble productions of the earth. Is it corn or wine? Is it amber or silk, gold or spices? Is it pearls or emeralds? It costs thee but a word, and it shall be my cargo, were it the world's most precious treasure."

But she bids him guess, and will give him no help. He sails away in doubt, but after much thought makes up his mind, as becomes a substantial wise German,

What can be more precious than the golden grain?

Without this common gift of earth, all others would be vain,  
With this I'll lade the skiff and shun her anger's pain.

So he loads his vessel with wheat from Dantzic, and is back at the end of the half year. He finds in the banquet hall his lady, who receives him with looks of scornful surprise.

Art thou here, my captain, in such haste?

Were thy ship a bird, that bird had flown too fast!

I fancied thee just now on Guinea's golden shore,

What hast thou brought me, quickly say, if not the precious  
ore?

The poor captain well sees he has failed of his errand,  
and answers reluctantly, —

The best wheat I bring, potent lady, to thee!

No better can be found far as the land meets the sea.

At the news she expresses the greatest scorn and anger. Did I not bid thee, she cries, bring me the noblest, the best that the earth holds, and didst thou dare to bring me "miserable wheat of which these loaves are made?"

Then answered the old man, Despise not that by which we're  
fed,

God bids us daily pray him for our daily bread.



How highly I esteem it, she cries, thou soon shalt see,  
On which side did you take in this trash you bring for me ?

On the right, he replies. Very well, she says, then throw it all into the sea from the left. Prepare to do this immediately, and I will come myself to see that you obey.

He went, but not to do the bidding at which his soul revolts. He calls together the hungry poor, and assembles them on the landing, thinking her hard heart will be touched at the sight, and she will not dare to offend God by this wanton waste of his gifts.

But the crowd of famished wretches implored in vain a little of the wheat to give them just one day, free from suffering. She persisted in her whim of pride, and all was thrown into the sea. The poor people looked on, wringing their hands, but the ship-master can no longer contain himself. He curses her, and predicts that she will yet be compelled to pick up the wheat, grain by grain, from the mud of the streets. She jeers at him. However, within the year the curse falls on her, losses are announced from every quarter, all is gone, and she begs from door to door the bread everywhere denied her, and at last sobs away her miserable life alone on a bed of straw.

This example does not warn her countrymen. They persist in their course of luxury, selfishness, and arrogance, when lo ! a miracle comes to punish them, by stopping up the source of their ill-used wealth. Where the wheat had been thrown into the sea rose up a sand-bar, known by the name of *Frauen sand*. On this grows a plant unlike any known before, it is like corn, only there is no grain in the ear. This mysterious obstacle barred up their haven, spoiled their trade, their city sunk into poverty ; — one morning they drew up fish when they went to the wells, and, in a few hours, the sea made good its triumph over Staveren.

Though written into prose, the thread of this story must show its texture. The legend is put into its present form by Simrock, and as well as most of those by his helpers, is graceful, vigorous, and of an expression whose simplicity and depth does not suffer by comparison with the volks lieder, even when they are on the same subject. The manner is different, but the same spirit dictates both, each in the manner of its own time.

In a perhaps not less pious, though less meek spirit, comes a tale a little farther on. Prince Radbot is about to be baptized, he has his foot in the water's brink when he bethinks himself to ask the priest, "where now are all my ancestors who died without baptism?"

"In hell," replied the pious bishop,  
"Thy fathers who died as heathens,  
King Radbot, are now in hell."

That enraged the valiant Degen (blade).  
"Base priest," cried he, "my fathers,  
My fathers were valiant men;  
Rather will I, yes, by Wodan I swear it,  
Be with those heroes in their hell,  
Than with you in your priests' heaven."  
He spake it and walked away in defiance.

The anecdote resembles one well hacknied, but the sentiment is so based on truth, that it might be expressed anywhere.

The Swan plays a distinguished part in Rhine poesy. This bird which the always most discerning Greeks consecrated to the service of genius, rather than birds of frequent song, this most beautiful bird seems always floating before us on the Rhine. In some of these poems the peculiar feeling of delight mixed with expectation you have in looking up stream is made to take shape as the approaching swan. There are two, one a volks lied, the other modern, founded on the same tale and called Schwanen Ritter, Knight of the Swan. It is a tale of a lady left by her father's death under the power of a bad servant, who will only set her free from prison on condition of marrying him. She has no hope but in prayer, and as she beats her breast in anguish, a little silver bell attached to her rosary is made to ring. Its sound is very soft in her chamber, but vibrates loud as thunder in distant lands to call the destined knight to her rescue. This bell was to me a new piece of ballad furniture, and one of beautiful meaning. Looking down from her lonely window, she sees the knight approach in a boat to which a swan is attached by a golden chain, both as pilot and rower. He greets her with a proud calmness, lands, fights the good fight, wins back her inheritance, and becomes her husband.

But he asks for one boon, that she will promise never to inquire his name and birthplace. The usual catastrophe follows; she asks him "at each favorable time" zu jeden frist. He resists her importunities with dignity and pathetic warnings as to what must ensue if she does not rise above this weakness. But she, at last, is so unworthy as to entreat him, if he loves their children, to tell her. He no longer refuses, declares his princely descent, divides among his three sons the fairy accoutrements of sword, horn, and ring, each of which is the pledge of a ducal inheritance. The swan-drawn boat appears, and the frail beauty is left to bear the heavy years of a widowed and degraded life.

The volks lied is the answer of the mother to the questions of the children, orphaned by her fault, and her account of the vision of purity and bliss which once shone before her is answered naturally enough,

O Mutter, das ist seltne Mär.

O this is a strange tale, mother.

So must young children answer, if told by their parents of visions of purity and bliss that had shone on their young eyes, and might have remained the companions of a whole life, had they been capable of self-denial and constancy. But when they hear that eye now so cold and dull has ever seen the silver swan approach on the blue stream, they may well reply

O this is a strange tale, mother.

In the German tales men are as often incable of abstinence and faith to their word, as women. The legends of Nixenquell and Melusine may be balanced against this of Schwanen ritter. The fairness of feeling towards women, so conspicuous when Germany was first known to the Romans, is equally so in all these romances. Men and women are both frail, both liable to incur stain, but also both capable of the deepest religion, truth, and love. The ideal relation between them is constantly described with a delicacy of feeling, of which only the highest minds in other countries are susceptible.

"Swan-rings" are another subject, expressing the thoughts of which the bird is an emblem. Charlemagne has lost the beautiful Svanhild. He cannot be drawn away from the

body. He will not touch food, nor attend to the most urgent business. All expostulations only draw from him a few agonized words, "You are all mistaken: she is not dead, she only sleeps, see how beautiful she is, I cannot leave her till she awakes." On the evening of the third day he sinks, exhausted, into sleep beside the corpse. The good bishop Turpin wishes to have him removed, but finds it impossible; his hold of the cold hand cannot be loosed. Suspicion being aroused, the bishop exercises till he finds in the mouth of Svanhild, one of those rings, on which was engraved the swan. He takes it away, and puts it on his own finger. The king awakes, and at once orders the now disenchant-ed body to be buried, but turns all the folly of affection to Turpin, on whom he hangs like a child, enumerating all his charms and virtues. The bishop, terrified at being invested with this power of witchcraft, rushes down to the river, and throws the ring in. The monarch, who has followed with hasty steps, gazes wistfully into the blue depths, seeking the magnet, but not able to recover it, fixes near the spot his royal dwelling, and thence Aix arose.

Very grand are the lineaments of Charlemagne as described in these national memories. The ballads which describe him crossing the Rhine, where the moon has made him a bridge of light, to bless the vines on either shore, rousing the ferry-man to go with his shadowy host to fight the battles of his sometime realm against one as great in mind, but not in soul as himself, and those of his confession, and Eginhard and Emma, paint the noblest picture, and in the fulness of flesh and blood reality. He is a king, indeed, a king of men, in this, that he is most a man, of largest heart, deepest mind, and most powerful nature. See in Eginhard and Emma his meeting with his peers, and way of stating the offence, the fearful yet noble surrender of the self-accused Eginhard, the calm magnanimity with which the inevitable sentence is pronounced, and then his grief for the loss of his child.

Equally natural and sweet is the conduct of the lovers, wandering forth on different sides of the road, the princess now in pilgrim's weeds, not daring to speak to one another for days. Then the kindness of the good woodmen, and the sleep which total weariness found at last in the open forest. There is no violent transition in their lives from a

palace to a hut woven of boughs and twigs. The highest rank there grew up naturally from the lowest, was not severed from it. All ate at the same table, and he whose place was on the Dais knew the savor of the poor man's salt. The life of a noble was splendid, but no way enervating or factitious. It was as easy for the princess Emma to use her husband's helmet for a milk pail, as for Ulysses, or the pious Æneas, to cut down trees and build their ships with their own hands, when thrown upon a foreign coast. It was not distressing, but refreshing, to see people in those times cast down into the lowest adversity. We knew they would not yield, nor lie crushed in the ditch. There was strength in all their members to rise and stride boldly on afoot, since their chariots were taken from them.

In the other ballad the aged monarch has upon his soul a sin so great, that he wants force to name it even to his confessor. The monk reproves his weakness, urges upon him that it ought to be no added pain to speak to man that which he has dared keep in his thoughts to be seen of God. The king admits the truth of this, and tries again, but tears and sobs choke his utterance. The confessor bids him write it then. Alas! he replies, the years when he might have learned to use the pen were wasted in vain pleasures, or spent in knightly toils. It is not too late, cries the zealous monk, I will teach you; and, accordingly, this task-work goes on day after day, till Charlemagne can write "joining-hand." Then they come to confession again, and the monk once more urges him to command himself and speak, and he tries, but the effort causes a still more suffocating anguish than before. Then he begins to write, with slow, stiff hand; the monk, from afar, sees the large letters forming on the page, but when he draws near to read the finished scroll, he finds it a blank. He turns to the monarch for an explanation, but the amazement of both is equal, till turning to the page again they find written by a heavenly pen, "Thy sins are forgiven." Thus the sin, so deeply felt, that it would have broke the heart if spoken, was absolved above the region of words to the patient penitent.

In the same tone are stories of the Cathedrals, especially of the bells. The high feelings about this voice of the church, expressed in Schiller's Song of the Bell, have given birth to these stories. One Master, unsuccessful with his



bell under the influences of prayer, and his best mood, swears and curses, and is immediately successful ; but when the ceremony of consecration came, the bell gave out tones so fearful that it could be used only at times of fire and other calamity. Another Master, summoned from afar on account of his great skill, substituted tin for a part of the silver with which he was entrusted. At the consecration, the emperor pulls the bell-rope but cannot make it stir ; he cannot guess what the difficulty is and calls the Master. The Master advances, pale with guilt and fear, pulls the rope, and, at his touch, the clapper falls and kills him.

The ballads about the bishops are worthy those about the churches. From several, all good in different ways, take the following.

The lords of Thum it did not please  
That Willegis their bishop was,  
For he was a waggoner's son ;  
And they drew to do him scorn  
Wheels of chalk upon the wall ;  
He found them in chamber, found them in hall,  
But the pious Willegis  
Could not be moved to bitterness.

Seeing the wheels upon the wall,  
He bid the servants a painter call  
And said, " My friend, paint for me  
On every door that I may see  
A wheel of white on a field of red,  
Underneath, in letters plain to be read,  
Willegis, bishop now by name,  
Forget not from whence you came."

The lords of Thum were full of shame,  
They wiped away their works of blame,  
They saw that scorn and jeer  
Cannot wound the wise man's ear,  
And all the bishops who after him came,  
Quartered the wheel with their arms of fame ;  
Thus came to Willegis  
Glory out of bitterness.

This gentle humility is like that of Manzoni's Borromeo, that expressed in the following like his Cristoforo.

Gunhild lived a still, pious life in her little convent cell,  
Till her confessor made her stray by a wild passion's spell,



She fled with him into the world, awhile they lived in strife  
and sin,

He gamed and cheated, poorer grew, must robbery begin.

Gunhild, poor lost girl, Gunhild what wilt thou do?

Alone in a strange land, a robber he who wrought thee wo.

She wept her eyes all red, she said, "Alas, that ever I this  
course begun,

I will return to my old home, whatever penance must be done."

She begged her way through many lands; she begged from door  
to door,

Till she saw the Rhine, the woods, the cloister stood before.

She knocks upon the cloister gate, quickly it open flies,  
She stands before the Abbess, she says with weeping eyes,

"O Mother take back the lost child, from her safe fold who ran,  
And let the hardest penance release the church's ban."

"Gunhild, my child, what ails thee? safe in thy little cell  
Do I not find thee every hour employed thy rosary to tell,

Singing hymns so wondrous sweet both day and night  
That all our hearts are lifted with ravishing delight.

If thou, holy child, must seek penance for thy sin,  
Where must I, poor wretch, to make atonement for my life be  
gin?"

They led her to the cell, what to think she could not guess,  
Till away flew the angel who had filled her place.

Those, who look into their bosoms by the light of  
a tale like this, will not need to *see* the angel that has taken  
their place, while thought strayed to forbidden haunts, be-  
fore they prepare a thank-offering to the "Preventing  
God."

The same nation, the same state of religious feeling,  
which gives Gunhild this guardian angel to protect her  
against her passion-stirred fancy, or curiosity, and long-  
suffering, is generous of chances for repentance, when a  
poor monk walks forth *doubting* and reasoning as to the  
interpretation of a passage of Scripture, lets him lose him-  
self in the wood, where, as a penance, he doubts, reasons,  
and wanders for a hundred years far from his home, his

church, and yet never attaining an inward certainty. In our time the scale of sin would reverse the place of the two faults.

There are also fine mystical legends, one on the loss of the consecrated wafer into a field of corn, many about the Virgin, and two about the children, St. Hermann Joseph, and St. Rupert. Those on the holy Otilia are among the noblest. One resembles that of "my Cid" when he meets St. Jago as a leper.

There are others of deep and painful import, where unnecessary martyrdom waits on the spirit's choice. The Maid of Bodman is one of these. Its holy sweetness cannot reconcile us to the desolation over which it hovers, like some pale, half-frozen seraph, lost in a temperature for which his organs were not made. This deep religious feeling occasions sometimes a dalliance with it, for men are not afraid to play with what they feel and know to be true, but only with what they wish may be true, but fear to be false. There are several playful legends of this character, of which two founded on the presumption of St. Peter are good.

The following is in the true German style of humor, a bit of playful wisdom. It is called

#### THE DEATH OF BASLE.

When I was a young man, I took a stone-old wife,  
Before three days were over I rued it well,  
I went into the church-yard, and prayed to dear Death,  
Ah, dear, kind Death of Basle, take away the old wife.  
And next time I went to the church-yard, the grave was dug.  
"You bearers, walk softly that she may not awake,  
Heap on the earth, the gravel; the old, the cross wife,  
How she has already worn out my young life."  
When I came home again every corner was too wide,  
Three days had not passed before I took a young wife;  
The young wife that I took, she beats me every day,  
Ah, dear Death of Basle, might I but have the old one back.

Some of the best are those which give the impression of a particular scene, as the Lorelei ballads, which represent, by the legend of the unhappy fay, the wild and melancholy beauty of a certain part of the Rhine. The poor Lorelei! her beauty bewitched all who saw it from a distance, and lured them to the dangerous heights, but her love floated

disdainful in a ship upon the stream, she must throw herself down to reach him.

Drachenfels is a place that inspires whatever springs from it with its own character. In this book is a legend of a Christian Maiden, exposed here by heathens, but before the cross on her pure breast the dragons flee and throw themselves from the precipices. But that is long since, and they seem again to shed their expression over their seat of royalty, not to be dispelled, except by some pure ray of living light, such as is expressed in this ballad.

The Fraulein von Windeck, a modern ballad by Chamisso, is singularly happy in giving this aspect of a peculiar scene. The young knight has been lured by the apparition of a stag to the ruins of Windeck. There the stag vanishing through the ruined gate, he knows not how, he stands gazing on the mighty walls. The sun burns down, all is so lovely and still, he wipes the drops from his brow and cries, O that some one would bring me a single drinking horn of the wine that must be stored in these cellars. Hardly had the words passed from his lips before the attentive cup-bearer issued from the wall. It was a slender, most beautiful maiden, in a white robe, with the keys at her girdle, the drinking-cup high in her hand. He sipped the wine with thirsty lips, and at the same time drew consuming flames into his bosom. He supplicates this lovely being for her love. She smiles on him with a tender compassion, and vanishes without a word.

From that hour he wandered round the ruins of Windeck, unable to free himself from the spell; he knew no rest, nor peace, nor hope.

He wandered like a dreamer, ghost-like, pale, and thin,  
He faded, but he could not die, much less new life begin.  
They say that after many years she came to him again,  
And pressed upon his lips a kiss which freed him from his pain.

The profound loneliness of a sunny noon, and the effect of the light upon the ruins amid the leaves, making the stag vanish and the lady appear, is admirably exhibited in this poem. The following which grows also out of the character of the scenery pleases me no less.

## HEIDENLOCH. By A. LAMEY.

GALLUS.

Father! how long in this dark solitude  
Must I abide;  
Where only deer and bears visit the wood  
That waves so wide?  
How bright and cheerful spreads the distant plain,  
Far from the world of men why must I here remain?

MARTIUS.

O peace, my son. The Gods who here command  
Thou shalt obey;  
I fled with thee from a far distant land  
Before the new God's sway.  
But once *our* Gods the wide earth-ball controlled,  
Great were the nations in those times of old.

GALLUS.

And what for thee alone to tend their shrine  
Can now avail?  
If they had ruled the earth by right divine  
Would they thus fail?  
These pallid statues on the stone altar,  
Is't these, my father, who so mighty were?

MARTIUS.

Yes! Rome and Athens through their mighty name  
Rose to such fame!  
And with that fame fell courage, honor true,  
Then came the new;  
Will a blind world no more due homage give,  
The more are favored those who still believe.

GALLUS.

O father, yesterday I ventured forth  
Upon the chase;  
I saw a maiden on the sunny turf  
Giving her lamb fresh grass.  
She greeted me with smiles, the lovely child,  
And knelt before a figure shrined, and just so angel mild.

MARTIUS.

Enough! the rest thou hast no need to tell,  
My son, farewell!

In vain with thee far from the Cross I run ; —  
A moment has my toil undone.  
With thy dead mother we will find our home,  
I and my Lares, in her lonely tomb.

This struggle between the old and the new has not ceased yet, in Germany, nor, indeed, anywhere in the world, where the influence of ancient literature is still felt.

Opposed a whole heaven's breadth between, to the spirit of the Charlemagne ballads, are a few scattered up and down about the great modern, who, after the lapse of centuries, seemed to open to the sun's path the same sign of the zodiac. Charlemagne does not excite more love and reverence in that region, than Napoleon hatred, and a contempt even to loathing. These feelings are expressed in the following ballad perhaps better than in any.

The original is one of the best street ballads I ever saw. It has the real jingle, doggrel ease, and fire beneath the ashes that please in such. As it is placed among the historical ballads, it ought to record a fact, although I had always supposed the title of "Little Corporal" was only a pet name given by his army to the little great genius.

#### CORPORAL SPOHN.

They name in Coblentz and the vale  
Still Spohn, as the great Corporal.

What did this Spohn to win the name,  
Does he deserve a lasting fame ?

Spohn was a true, a faithful man,  
Find a truer none may nor can.

His Emperor truly served Spohn,  
His Emperor, named Napoleon,

Who had in the Drei-Kaiser fight  
Ventured too forward from his might.

Sudden he turns his horse to fly,  
Both left and right the foe are nigh.

Kossacks are they on their swift steeds,  
The Emperor spurs as well he needs.

A thicket stops him in his flight,  
And he to life must bid good night.

This saw Spohn, he did not lag,  
Sir King, he cries, give me the nag;  
Me the well known, three-cornered hat;  
Fly; — all your part I play with that.

To the ground sprang Napoleon,  
On the gray horse quick sat Spohn.

The famous hat upon his head,  
The foe no deception dread.

But spring that way, and cry "He's taken,"  
And see too late how they've mistaken.

When they saw who the prisoner was,  
They hewed him down with fifty blows.

The Emperor flew far that day,  
A Corporal's hat on, all the way.

Since that time, so goes the tale,  
He's called the little Corporal;

The great Corporal was Spohn,  
Was greater than Napoleon.

Very unlike all the others are the Nibelungen ballads. One of these Tennyson has taken as the groundwork of his "Day Dream;" but except in the gorgeous description of the "Sleeping Beauty," it loses infinitely by any change from its first simplicity. Brunhild's quarrel with Odin, the style of her housekeeping, the woven wall of fire which daunts all the faint-hearted, but proves to the true knight only a wall of sunbeams as he dashes through; all are in the best style of the romantic ballad, grand, fresh, and with dashes of fun between.

Siegfried is the native hero of the country, on the true heroic Valhalla basis, unchristianized, unchristian, arrogant, noble, impetuous, sincere, overbearing, generous, no reflective wisdom, no side thoughts, no humility, no weakness. He exults as a strong man to run a race, and he does run it, and come in at the goal as he promised. He takes pleasure in outshining others, because he is the noblest. Came a nobler he would yield with joy! How he would have stared at such night thoughts as

"Forgive his faults, forgive his virtues too."



Or,

“Have I a lover — who is noble and free,  
I would he were nobler — than to love me.”

Siegfried shows that he was educated at the forge and bathed in the dragon's blood. His triumphant energy fills with light the black forests, where the wild boar holds at bay the bravest huntsman. Of a stately native growth were the timbers from which this ship of Germany is built, all oak, proud, German oak.

I have lightly touched upon the characteristics of the Rhine ballads, lightly, for the hand becomes fearful and maladroit, when obliged to choose among materials so rich as to make rejection a pain at every step. They express a nation in the early years of a pious, a valorous, an earnest and affectionate manhood, innocent, but not childish so, playing antics sometimes in the gayety of health and strength, but never light or vain. What culture it possesses is expressed in character. They were full of faith and they always acted upon it. They had clear eyes, but the life blood beat too quick to let them spend their days in looking about them. Their superstition was no incubus, it was their ardor of trust and love, burning away the crusts of fact. Their romance grew from the heart, not the head; for each man felt himself capable of loyalty and tenderness. The assembled princes boast the value of their different provinces. Everhard, Duke of Wirtemberg, when it comes to his turn says; My land is not of the richest. But when I meet a Wirtemberger in the black pine wood, I lie down and sleep in his lap as I should in my mother's. He paused, and his eye shone clear and friendly, as if he had just waked from sleep in a Wirtemberger's arms. Such a heart beat in the German people!

“The knights are dust  
And their good swords are rust,  
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.”

We know.

Of an entirely different character is the other book, I have before me, “Modern Greek popular Songs, collected and published by C. Fauriel, translated and furnished both with the French editor's explanations and his own, by Wil-

helm Müller. Neu Griechische Volkslieder, gesammelt und herausgegeben von C. Fauriel. Uebersetzt und mit des Franzosischen herausgebens und eigenen erläuterungen versehen von Wilhelm Müller.

The former book gave the mind of a people at a period of national dignity, of high culture and development, as respected character. On that soil was seen to rise the sublime architecture of an established religious faith, interspersed with homes sacred with honor and the affections. As the river pierced the land it talked all along with a rich and multiform life. The grape was its proper emblem, and the juice of that vine has been carried to every part of the civilized world; and though we gladly return to quaff it in the vineyard from which it was born, the pleasure is not new, only keener than before. But in this other book it is wholly new. A breath fresh with the snows late fallen from heaven blows from Olympus and Pindus, where the Greek Klepht, stately if not serene as the gods who there in olden days feasted at the golden tables, waged a war which, for the traits of individual heroism that signalized it, and the indomitable love of freedom that made it glorious, might have made Greece more proud in her day of highest pride.

This mountain life has always given one aspect to the men driven into the natural fastnesses, to keep off those who would not allow that they should breathe heaven's air and be cheered by its light at their pleasure. The flashing eye, the body hardened to pain and famine, the light hold on life, the eagle gaze at death, the sudden love, the steadfast hate, the readiness of resource, and the carelessness of plan, these mark the wild chamois gesture of man, who seeks not to be rich, be great, or wise, or holy, but simply to be free. A small portion this of his proper life; yet to see him vindicate it gives the same pleasure as the instinctive motion of the infant, or the career of the wind.

The whortleberry, not the grape, is the fruit that expresses what these ballads are. I abridge an account of their origin from Müller's introduction.

"We have here a poetry of the people in the truest sense of the name; a voice from the people in which nothing vibrates, but what can be felt and understood by every Greek; a poesy

which neither has its birth nor death on paper ; but springing up as living song, hovers on the same wings from mouth to mouth, and dies away entirely, when the period is past whose spirit and thought were expressed by it.

"The modern Greek lays of this class may be divided into domestic, historical, and romantic or ideal ; that is to say, those of which the material is not taken from the actual life, either of the past or the present.

"Among the domestic we count all those made to be sung at household festivals. The feast days, which are especially commemorated in such, are the day of the holy Basilius, and the first of March."

Of the latter the account is very interesting. The swallow's song, sung on this day by little boys, who carry a wooden effigy of the bird from door to door, is peculiarly charming. But of these and the songs of betrothal, of marriage, and mourning the account must be omitted. I have room only for this passage which exhibits one of the most interesting features of national character.

"The desire for knowledge, persecutions, or the need of gaining and assuring a maintenance, for which his own country affords little opportunity, these and similar motives and circumstances compel many Greeks to leave their home for a long time, and nothing is so tragical to them as this freewill banishment. The Greek clings with a love so tender to the land of his birth, that he, despite all dangers and ill treatment to which he is there exposed from his barbarous rulers, can find nowhere else a heaven on the earth, and regards each foreign land as a place of exile and sorrow. But what makes still sadder to the Greek a separation from his home and those he loves, is his uncertainty as to their destiny during his absence. Shall he ever see them again ? Will the Turk leave his house and kin unassailed during his absence ? The same apprehensions are in the hearts of those he is leaving behind ; for they feel that their lives, honor, and fortunes are in the hands of rude tyrants.

"Hence may be explained the solemn observance shown to the day when the Greek takes leave of his familiar circle. His friends and relations assemble in his house, partake with him the last meal, and then accompany him some miles on his way. Songs are usual on this occasion, some sung at the table, others as they go with him on his way. Many of these are handed down from ancient time, and common through all Greece ; others applicable to the present occasion and locality

alone. Often, songs are improvised by members of the family. These farewell songs are of a most pathetic cadence, and exercise a power over the Greeks, almost beyond belief elsewhere, as the following history bears witness.

"In the district of Zagori, near the old Pindus, lived a family to which three brothers belonged, the youngest of whom, by a singular variation from the usual order of nature, was an object of aversion to his mother. After he had long, in silent submission, endured her unjust severity, he, at last, resolved to seek happiness at a distance. He announced his intention to go to Adrianople. The usual solemnity of the banquet passed, his friends accompanied the youth five miles, and then halted to take leave in a wild valley of Pindus. After several relations and friends had sung their songs, the poor youth ascended a high rock and sang one composed by himself, in which he had painted in the most tender manner his sorrow at leaving the fatherland, and all whom he loved, but worst of all, leaving in his home a mother who did not love him. This poem, sung with deep emotion, enhanced by the sad loneliness of the place, and the accompaniments of the scene, conquered at last the heart of the mother. While they all wept, she rushed to the arms of her son, and promised in future to be a better mother to him. And she kept her word."

The festivals of marriage and mourning have given occasion for fine songs; but I pass on to the historical, which are the most interesting of all.

"Among these the most numerous and expressive are the Klepht or Robber songs, celebrating the exploits of those in combat with the soldiers of the Pachas and Beys. To understand these it is necessary to know the political and social relations on which the origin and power of these robber-bands rest.

"Klepht originally meant Robber; but since it has been applied to the heroes of the Greek mountains, the word has gained a new and noble meaning.

"In part they were from the native Greek militia, Armatoli, who, on occasions of extraordinary aggression or treachery from the Turk, would fly to the mountains, and there make a stand against his power. These Armatoli, are bred to the use of arms; their weapons are handed down from father to son. They are, therefore, not unprepared for this mode of life."

"A different occasion called out the Armatoli of Thessaly. When the conquering Turk broke in here, the dwellers of the fruitful plain bent to the yoke without resistance. But the shepherds of Olympus, of Pelion, of the Thessalian ridges connected with Pindus, and the heights which now bear the name

of Agrapha, refused to yield. With arms in hand, they often rushed down from their natural fortresses on the cultivated plains and rich cities, and plundered the conquerors, and also, sometimes, those to whose cowardice they thought the national shame and sorrow were due. Thus they received the name of Klepht, given at first by their foes as a term of abuse, but which they willingly adopted and used with pride, to distinguish themselves from the peaceful Rajas of the plain, the slaves of the Turk. Thus in these ballads it is obvious that they use this name as a title of honor.

"The Turks were soon weary of living in perpetual war with these Klephts, a war in which they alone could be the losers, as complete victory would have added nothing of value to their possessions. They offered them peace on such conditions as most of the Klephts were willing to accept, leaving them the right to govern themselves by their own laws, to live independent in their mountain districts, to bear arms for their own defence, only paying for these privileges a small tribute to the Turkish government. Some of the inhabitants of the wildest and least accessible heights refused even this, and have maintained absolute freedom down to this time."

Those who accepted the treaty banded themselves again under the name of Armatoliks. The remaining Klephts lived in hamlets in the recesses of the mountains. But soon the Turks found that too much had been granted, and a course began of treachery and indirect tyranny, which was continually rousing the resistance of those who had submitted; so that, often, an Armatolik would fly again to the mountains, and a band of well disposed Pallikaris\* be turned into Klephts in a day.

Thus began a course of romantic and ceaseless warfare. The Klepht, on his guard all the time against his treacherous and powerful foe, with no friends, but his sword, his mountains, and his courage, was trained to the utmost hardihood, agility, presence of mind, and brilliant invention. In self-reliance and power of endurance he was like our Indians. The spirit in which he looks on life and nature is the same; but his poetical enjoyment of his wild life is keen, as befits the mercurial Greek.

A thousand interesting details might be gathered from

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\* Name given to each member of the band. The lieutenant was chief or first Pallikari.

the introduction and notes of Müller; but I must hasten to let the ballads tell their own story.

These songs are sometimes composed by the Klephts themselves, but more generally by blind beggars, who seem to have copied the part of the ancient Rhapsodists with a fidelity somewhat astonishing.

There are few beggars in Greece, for almost all can find a sustenance. The blind are an exception; yet these even cannot with correctness be said to live on charity. For the songs with which they entertain the people are as needful and as valuable to lives like theirs, as anything that can be bought with gold. These blind, both on the continent and in the islands, learn as many popular songs as they can, and wander with them from city to city, from hamlet to hamlet, rather preferring the latter. They prefer stopping near the gates, or in the suburbs, where they readily find a circle of hearers. Everywhere they seek the common people. The Turks never listen to them, partly from a disdainful insensibility, partly because they do not understand Greek.

They sing to the accompaniment of an instrument which retains the form and the name of the ancient lyre. It is played with a bow; and when complete has five strings, but more frequently only two or three are seen. For the most part they wander about singly, but sometimes they unite to form choruses for their songs.

These Rhapsodists may be divided into two classes. The one, and naturally the most numerous, is satisfied with learning and reciting the songs of others; the second and higher class has also the gift of composition; these sing both the lays of others and their own. Always on the watch for some new story, they never lack materials in the state of things we have described.

They use all subjects likely to be popular; but among these the stratagems and exploits of the Klephts are the favorites, and in regard to them they deserve the name of Annalists. Many of them compose their own music as well as verse.

Among the blind Rhapsodists is found here and there one able to improvise his songs. Towards the end of the last century there was such an Improvisatore in Ampelakia of Thessaly not far from Mount Ossa, who was of high celebrity. He was named Gavojannis, the blind Johannes, and



lived to a great age. He improvised with facility on any theme that was given him. He knew a vast number of histories of the Klephts. Being distinguished above others of his craft, both for his richness in subjects, and his manner of treating them, he fixed his abode in this place, and became a *sitting* Rhapsodist. People were very willing to come to him; and Albanians in the pay of the Pacha paid him often a high price to celebrate them in a few verses.

In the memories of these old men then, and of women, have been preserved the lays which describe the life of the mountaineers, their watch by day, and their enjoyments by night; for in the dark they are secure from those who do not know the paths like themselves; their beautiful costume, and fine observances, both of domestic feeling and superstition, their brilliant valor in sallies upon the enemy, their stern pride when taken captive, and the wild breeze of the mountains sweeps through all the simple verse, there is no trace of any life but their own.

The ballads are often fragments, both because parts have sometimes been lost, and because the heroes were so well known to the audience that there was no need of any introduction to the bare fact. Sometimes the narrator is a bird, or three birds talk together, as in one of the oldest called,

#### CHRISTOS MILIONIS.

Three birds lighted down there in the camp upon the hill,  
The one looked towards Armyros, the other towards Valtos,  
The third, that which the fairest is, laments and cries,  
My lord, what has become of Christos Milionis?  
He is not to be seen in Valtos nor in Kryavrissis.  
They tell us he has gone out towards Arta,  
And there has taken captive the Cadi, the two Agas;  
And when the Moslem heard that, he was high in wrath.  
He called to Mauromartis and Muktar Klissara:  
You, if you would have bread, if you would have high honors,  
Go and slay Christos for me, the Captain Milionis!  
This command the Sultan gave and sent out his Firman.  
Friday's sun rose up, O had it never shone!  
And Soliman was sent, to go forth and seek him.  
He met him by Armyros, as friends they both paid greeting;  
They drank together all night through, till day began to dawn,  
Then called Soliman to the Captain Milionis:

Christos, the Sultan sends for thee, and the Agas they must have thee!

So long as Christos lives, he bows not to the Turk.  
Then they ran upon one another with their guns,  
Fire upon fire they gave and fell upon the spot.

#### BUKOVALLAS.

What noise is that which rises there? What is that great alarum?

Are they killing oxen? Are they fighting with wild beasts?  
No: they are not killing oxen, not fighting with wild beasts.  
Bukovallas stands in fight against a thousand and five hundred,  
Between Kerassovon and the town of Kenuria.

A fair maiden looks out from a window of the house;  
Johannes, stop the fight, stop awhile the shooting,  
Let the dust sink to the ground, let the smoke fleet away,  
That we may count the troop and see how many fail.  
The Turks counted theirs three times and five hundred failed,  
The sons of Robbers counted theirs, and but three braves were absent;

One was gone to fetch us water, one for bread,  
The third and the bravest lies there on his gun.

They use, like our Indians, the word brave, braves, as the highest title for a man. The Grave of Dimos also corresponds with the thought of the "Blackbird's Grave," as related by Catlin.

#### THE GRAVE OF DIMOS.

The sun is sinking now, and Dimos gives command,  
Bring water, children, and partake the evening meal,  
And thou, Lampraki, nephew mine, sit down here by my side,  
Here take my arms and be their leader now.

But you, my children, take my orphaned sword,  
Go, hew green boughs, and with them make my bed,  
And bring a father confessor, that I may tell all sins  
That I have ever done, and be by him absolved.  
Was Armatole for thirty years, for twenty was I Klepht,  
And now the death hour comes, and this hour I will die,  
O make my grave and make it a broad and high one,  
In which I could stand up to fight, and load my gun in the middle,

And on the right side leave for me a little window open,  
At which the swallows may fly in to tell me when the spring comes,  
And where in fair May moons the nightingales may sing.

They resemble the Indians, too, in their treatment of prisoners; and that they showed the same respect to women is proved by the haughty conduct of the female captive in the following ballad.

#### SKYLLODIMOS.

Skyllodimos sat at supper beneath the lofty fir-trees;  
 At his side he had Irene, that she might fill his wine.  
 Pour out, O fair Irene, be my cupbearer till daybreak,  
 Until the morning star shall rise, the Pleiades shall set,  
 When I may send thee home with ten of these my braves.  
 Dimos, I am not thy slave, to fill the cup for thee.  
 I am the bride of a Proestos, the daughter of an Archon,  
 And see at break of day two wanderers approach;  
 Their beards are long, their faces black, and they greet Skyllodimos,  
 O Skyllodimos, a good day. O Wanderers, you are welcome,  
 But, wandering strangers, how knew ye that I am Skyllodimos?  
 We bring thee words of love from thy own absent brother,  
 We saw him in Janina, we saw him in his prison;  
 On his hands were chains, and on his feet were fetters.  
 Then Dimos wept aloud, rose quickly to depart;  
 Where art thou going, Dimos, whither, O valiant Captain?  
 It is thy brother's self, come here, that he may kiss thee.  
 And then the Captain knew him and took him in his arms,  
 They kissed each other tenderly both on the eyes and lips;  
 And now asked Dimos him, thus spake he to his brother,  
 Come here, my brother sweet, sit here and tell thy story;  
 How hast thou so escaped the hands of the Albanians?  
 By night I loosed my hands, I drew off both the fetters,  
 I broke the iron bar in two and leaped into the trench,  
 I found a little bark and rowed upon the lake,  
 Last night I left Janina and reached the mountains.

"Skylodimos was the name of an ancient Armatoli family in Akarnania. In later times there were four brothers of the name, two of whom are introduced in this song. The one who appears here as the robber captain was not of much celebrity. The youngest, Spyros Skillodimos, is properly the hero of the lay. In 1805 he fell into the hands of Ali Pacha, who shut him up in a subterranean dungeon of the castle of Janina. Many months this unfortunate dragged his chains from side to side in the mud of his narrow dungeon. At last by the help of

a file, of his long girdle and wonderful agility, he reached and sprang from a window of the tower in which his prison was. But a wide and deep piece of water surrounds the castle of Janina, and Skillodimos was forced to pass three winter days and nights in the swamps overgrown with reeds which border it, before he could find a bark to take him across. Afterwards, through the most difficult paths he found his way to the mountains of Akarnania."

The few lines on Kontoghiannis point to a noble life.

INSCRIPTION ON THE SWORD OF KONTOGHIANNIS.

Who trembles not at tyrants' word,  
Frankly and freely walks the earth,  
Esteems his fame than life more worth,  
To him alone belongs this sword.

KONTOGHIANNIS. A FRAGMENT.

What has befallen Gura's hills, that they so mournful stand?  
Has the hail laid them waste? Presses them the hard winter?  
No hail has laid them waste, presses them no hard winter;  
Kontoghiannis wages war in winter as in summer.

This refers to one known from her connexion with the hero, and is worthy of reading for its own beauty.

THE SORROWFUL EMBASSY.

She sleeps, wife of the noble captain, son of Kontoghiannis,  
Under a golden coverlet, and gold-embroidered sheets.  
I am afraid to wake her, I dare not tell her,  
So I will take nutmegs and throw at her;  
Perhaps she will feel the perfume and awake.  
And see by the perfume of the many nuts  
The noble captain's wife is waked, and asks with sweet tongue,  
What bringest thou for news from our captains?  
I bring bitter news from our captains;  
Nicholas is a captive, Constantine is wounded; —  
Where is my mother? Come to me, come, and hold my temples,  
And bind them, bind them hard while I sing the mourning song.  
For which of both shall I weep first, for which sing the mourning song?  
I weep for them, for Constantine, for Nicholas, for both  
Were flags upon the heights and banners in the field.

The mountains find a brave clear voice.

OLYMPOS.

Olympos and Kissavos\* the two high peaks were striving ;  
 Olympos turns itself to Kissavos, and says,  
 Strive not with me, Kissavos, thou trodden in the dust,  
 I am the old Olympos, through the wide world so famous,  
 With two and forty peaks, with two and sixty sources,  
 Beside each source a banner waves, by each tree stands a Klepht,  
 And on my highest summit there is an eagle sitting,  
 And in his talons holds he fast the head of a dead hero.  
 "O Head, what hast thou done ? tell me how didst thou sin ?  
 Eat, Eagle, feed thee on my youth, feed on my strength and  
 valor,  
 Till thy wings be ell-thick, and span-thick be thy talons,  
 In Luros and Xeromeros I was an Armatole,  
 In Chasia and on this mount, twelve years long a Klepht,  
 Sixty Agas have I slain and burnt, too, all their hamlets,  
 And what I left upon the place, both Turks and Albanese  
 So many were they, bird of mine, that they cannot be numbered ;  
 Yet at the last to me the lot came too, at last I fell in battle."

The following presents a new Penelope.

KALIAKUDAS.

Were I a bird that I might fly, might hover in the air,  
 Then I might seek another land, seek Ithaca the lonely,  
 That I might hear Lukina, might hear the wedded wife of Lukas,  
 How there she weeps and mourns, dark tears in streams out-  
 pouring ;  
 She like a partridge hangs the head, unfeathered like a duck,  
 She wears a robe that is as black as is the raven's wing,  
 At her window sits she, out-gazing o'er the sea,  
 The skiffs as they sail by she questions every one,  
 Ye barks, who sail so swift, ye golden Brigantines,  
 Have ye not seen my husband, seen Lukas Kaliakudas ?  
 Last night we left him, left him beyond Gaurolimi,  
 His band were roasting lambs, roasting wethers at the fire,  
 And they had with them Agas five to turn around the spits.

This might serve as a battle song.

STERGIOS.

Although the passes Turkish be beset by the Albanians,  
 So long as Stergios lives, he cares not for the Pachas ;

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\* Kissavos is the Ossa of the ancients.

So long as snow falls on the hills we yield not to the Turk,  
Up, let us make our camp where wolves have found their home;  
In cities on the plains among the rocks dwell slaves,  
The valiant have their city in clefts of desert rocks;  
O rather with the wild beasts dwell than with the Turk.

The Suliote war furnishes ballads enough to make a Homeric canto by itself. Here the women play their part, as heroines. Throughout the ballads their position is commanding, living constantly in the open air, their beauty is healthy and majestic. The uncertainties and dangers which beset their lives, while taking from them their natural office of making home quiet and lovely for the rest of man, develop the higher qualities of generous love, fortitude, and a ready helpfulness. The maiden is sometimes introduced feeding the horse of her lover, sometimes with the gun in her hand. The following describe women with accessories that fit them as well as the harp, or the work-table.

#### TSAVELLINA.

There came a little bird and sat upon the bridge,  
It mourns in a loud voice and speaks, it speaks to Ali Pacha;  
This is not thy Janina, not here the waters of Janina,  
This is not Prevesa, where thou canst build thy fortress;  
No! this is the famous Suli, Suli the high-famed,  
Where little children stand in fight, and women, and maidens,  
Where Tsavellina stands in fight, the steel in her right hand,  
The nursling in one arm, in the other the gun,  
Her apron full of cartridges, walks she in the sight of all.

#### THE DEATH OF DESPO.

A great sound is heard, many gunshots fall;  
Are they shooting at a marriage, shooting at a feast of joy?  
They are shooting at no marriage here, at no feast of joy;  
It is Despo who fights, with her daughters in law and daughters,  
She was besieged in the tower of Dimulas by the Albanians.  
Give up thy arms, thou wife of Georgos, thou art not in Suli,  
Thou art the slave of the Pacha, the slave of the Albanians.  
Has Suli laid down arms, and is Kiapha Turkish?  
Never yet had Despo, never will have Turks for masters!  
She seizes a firebrand, calls to daughters in law and daughters,  
Let us not go into slavery, up, children, up and follow me!  
And she throws fire into the powder, and all perish in the flames.



## A SULIOTE-FIGHT.

There in Tseritsana on the high borders of Suli,  
There by the old hill chapel stand the Bulumbashaws,  
And look down on the fight to see how Suliotes fight,  
How little children stand in fight, and women with the men,  
And the captain Kutsonikas called down from his post,  
O my children, stand your ground! O stand like valiant men,  
For Muktar Pacha comes, and with him come twelve thousand.  
Then he turned about and called to the Turks,  
Where goest thou, Muktar Pacha, whither thou rascal Turk?  
Here is not Chormovon, here not Saint Basilis,  
Where you make children slaves, where you take women captives,

This is the bad Suli, famous through the world,  
Where Tsavellina stands in fight, like a worthy hero,  
She carries in her apron cartridges, and in her hand the sabre,  
And with her loaded gun she goes before them all.

## ANOTHER.

The priest's wife called down, down from Avarikos,  
Where are you, children of Bozzaris? Where, children of  
Lampros?

Many black clouds draw hither with horses and with men;  
It is not one, it is not two, it is not three and five,  
But there are eighteen thousand, truly nineteen thousand,  
Let come the Turkish pack. What hurt can they do us?  
Let them come and see a fight, and see the Suliote guns,  
Learn to know the gun of Georgos, know the sword of Lampros,  
And the arms of Suliote women, of the farfamed Chaido!  
When the fight had begun, and the guns were flashing,  
Then called Lampro Tsavellas to Bozzaris and Zervas,  
Now let come the time of sabres, let alone the guns,  
But Bozzaris answered down from his post,  
The time of sabres, shouted he, is not yet come,  
Stay yet in the thicket and hold fast to the rocks,  
For there are many Turks, and few Suliotes.  
Now cries the clear voice of Tsavellas to his braves,  
Shall we await them longer, the Albanian dogs?  
Then they all broke the sheaths of their sabres,  
And chased the Turks before them like goats.  
Veli Pacha called to them not to turn their backs,  
And they answered him with tears in their eyes,  
This is not Delvino, we are not in Vidini,  
No, this is the famed Suli, famed throughout the world,  
This is the sword of Lampros, bathed in Turkish blood,

He is the cause that all Albania wears black mourning garments,  
That mothers for their children weep, and wives for their husbands.

These give a specimen of the Suliote ballads which are all radiant with the same spirit. The war lasted twelve years.

“The mountain range of Suli is in that part of ancient Epirus, formerly called Thesprotia, and now Chamuri, and extends eastward out of the great mountain range of Mezzovo from the banks of the Acheron, or Maupotamos. Vehement torrents rush down from the rock chasms to the valley, through which this stream flows, and among them the Suli, probably the Selleis of the ancients is the most considerable. A hundred and fifty years ago shepherds fled with their flocks from the country of Gardiki in Albania into this wild mountainous district, to escape the ill treatment of the Turks. They were joined by others persecuted or discontented, and in the course of a few years these fugitives had formed a community of the Patriarchal kind, whose point of union was a hamlet which took the name of the mountain chain and district. In the year 1792, this little independent state offered triumphant defiance to the powers of the dreaded tyrant of Epirus, waged constant war with him, and were subjugated and destroyed at last by treachery, not valor. The few Suliotes, who survived the conquest of their mountain fastnesses, retired to the Ionian isles and enlisted beneath the French or Prussian banners against the barbarous oppressor of their country. To these belonged the Leonidas of Karpenissi, Marco Bozzaris.

“Suli seems intended by nature herself for a mountain citadel of freedom. Long, deep ravines, narrow, winding passes, high, steep rock-walls are nowhere interspersed by a fertile spot, likely to allure the step of a conqueror. The hamlets of the Suliotes, eighteen in number, lay partly on the mountain peaks, partly in the strips of vale between. The oldest were Suli, or Kako Suli, Avarikos, Samoniva, Kiapha, and Kaki-Kiapha, together named Tetrachorion, which, from their situation on the ridge of a steep rock to which only one pass led, winding with many and long turns, were the chief fortresses of the Suliotes, being provided with walls and towers by the giant hand of nature. The Heptachorion was composed of seven hamlets, colonies of the before-named, and included the plain at the foot of the mountain. The eleven hamlets included the proper race of Suliotes; but with these were connected fifty or sixty little villages in the vicinity, inhabited by a mixture of Greeks and Albanians, who under the name of Parasuliotes stood in a serviceable relation to the mountaineers.

"The population of the eleven hamlets never were above five thousand, and half of these lived in the chief village, Suli. Their government was wholly Patriarchal. A union of several families formed a Phara. Sali counted eight hundred families, and these were divided into forty-seven Pharas. Each family had its head, and the oldest and wisest of these was chief of the Phara. There were in Suli neither written laws, nor courts of justice; the customs of their fathers stood to them in place of the former, and all strifes were composed by the heads of families and of the Phara.

"This arrangement held good in war as in peace. The heads of the family commanded their own in battle, the heads of the Phara these. When a foe approached their borders, the dwellers of the plain fled to the hills. No plan was made for the war, but each Suliote was trained from his childhood to use the gun and sabre he inherited, and knew every cleft and den of his native mountains, as a fox his hole. So each one stood for and by himself, as in the old hero-wars; and only this unity was among them, that they all fought for one cause, for their freedom and fatherland, for their women and children, and the graves of their ancestors. There were never more than fifteen hundred fighting men engaged against the Pacha. They fought on foot, for their country afforded no pasture for horses.

"The women followed the men to the fight; they carried the provisions and amunition, and when there was need, often took an active part, as we see Moscho, the wife of Lampros Tsavellas, in these songs.

"The war of Ali Pacha with the Suliotes lasted, without much intermission, from 1792 till 1804, and ended in the surrender of their fastnesses to Veli Pacha, the son of Ali, who availed himself of the treaty to fall on the remnant of their fighting men, on their way to the seacoast, exhausted by long famine, and almost wholly to destroy them. Then it was that in the district of Zalongos the mothers of the Suliotes threw their children down the precipices, and, hand in hand, sprang after them, for no choice remained except between death and slavery.

"After the massacre, the Turks hastened to Reniassa, where there were left only women and children. In this hamlet is a tower, called the tower of Dimulas. The Suliote, Georgos Botsis, to whom this tower belonged, was absent, and only his wife Despo was there with seven daughters and sons' wives, and three children. When these eight Suliote women saw the foe approaching, they armed themselves and received them with gun-shot. But they soon found defence would only avail them a short time longer. Then Despo called them all together, and asked, holding a firebrand in her hand, 'Will you rather die, or

be slaves to the Turks?' Die, they called out with one accord, and Despo threw the brand into a chest full of cartridges. The tower flew into the air with its garrison of women, the children, and the nearest Turks. The Suliote ballads conclude with that on the heroine Despo."

What success might be expected to follow from the policy which bore such fruit, this story shows.

"Ali Pacha, who had had the best opportunity for knowing Klephts, did not undervalue his foe. After a long course of treacherous intrigues, not succeeding in exterminating, he resolved to win them to be his instruments. In 1805, he invited the Klephtish chiefs from all parts of Greece to Karpenissi in Ætolia, with the purpose of making permanent peace with them. They did not refuse to come, and they met, the generals of the Pacha with their troops, the Klepht-captains with their Pallikaris. Jussuf, the Arab, Ali's foster brother, the most dreaded official of the tyrant, and the worst foe of the Klephts, was astonished at their number, knowing better than any what their losses had been, and turning to the captain Athanasius, with whom he had formerly been acquainted, he said; 'How is it that, when we have waged incessant war upon you these five years, your bands are as numerous as ever?' 'Seest thou,' replied the captain, 'these five young men in the front rank of my right wing? Two of these are brothers, two cousins, and one the friend of one of my braves whom you put to death. All five flew to me, that they might take vengeance, under my banner, for the death of their friend and kinsman. Yet some years of persecution and war, and all Greece will be with us.'"

These truly Homeric Greeks know little about their forbears in the olden time that Homer sung, neither have they heard of the heroes of the Persian wars, and they know nothing of the gods and goddesses, who once were supposed to dwell on the very mountains that are their homes. Olympus, Pindus are names that to them speak only of fresh breezes, starlight nights, of free joy, and a homefelt delight that even the wild erag is their own. A few traces of the old mythology linger still, mixed up with their own superstitions. Charon is known to them; and in his old capacity, though now exercised on the firm land, and in new circumstances.

## THE SHEPHERD AND CHARON.

A bold gay lad was coming down from the high mountain,  
His cap was put on sideways, and his hair was braided,  
Charon who was waiting for him on the high peak,  
Went down into the valley and met him there,  
O young man, say, whence comest thou? O young man  
whither goest?—

I come from my herd, I am going to my house,  
I shall take there a loaf and then go back.—  
But God has sent me down here to take away thy soul.—  
O Charon let me free, I pray thee, let me live,  
I have at home a young wife, she is not fit for a widow,  
If she walked lightly, they would say she sought another husband,  
If she walked slowly, they would say, that she was proud.  
I have also little children, and they would be orphans.—  
But Charon would not hear, and tried to take him.—  
O Charon, if thou wilt not hear, and art resolved to take me,  
Come, let us wrestle here upon this marble rock,  
And if thou art the victor, Charon, take my soul,  
If I should get the better, go thou where thou wilt.—  
Then they came and wrestled from morning to midday,  
And not till the vesper hour, could Charon throw him down.

## THE MAIDEN AND CHARON.

A young maiden boasted that she was not afraid of Charon,  
Because she had nine brothers and Kostas for her betrothed,  
Who had many great houses, also four palaces,  
And Charon was a little bird, like a black swallow,  
He flew past and shot his dart into the heart of the young maiden.  
And then her mother wept, thus bewailed her mother,  
O Charon, how thou mak'st me mourn for my one daughter,  
For my one only one, for my fair daughter.  
And see, then came Kostas from a valley of the mountain,  
With him five hundred men and sixty-two musicians.  
Stop the marriage jubilee. Stop awhile the music,  
I see a cross at the door of my father-in-law,  
One of my new brothers may be wounded,  
Or my father-in-law is dead, or else perhaps his father.  
He spurs his black steed, he gallops to the church,  
He finds the sacristan digging a grave,  
O Sacristan, be greeted, for whom is that grave?  
For the fair maiden, her with the dark eyes,  
She who had nine brothers, and Kostas for her bridegroom,  
He who has many great houses, also four palaces.

O Sacristan, I pray thee dig the grave  
A little wider, large enough for two to lie there.  
He drew out his golden sword, and thrust it into his heart,  
And they both were buried in one grave together.

Here love works with exactly the opposite result, to that marked by Wordsworth on a similar occasion.

“O mercy, to myself I cried,  
If Lucy should be dead.”

Both are equally true to nature. The treasure of the heart seems so precious that it cannot remain with us, we tremble every moment lest some conspiracy of Fate and Time should break out to deprive us of it. — Again, it seems so truly all that we need, the complement of our being, the only means of life to us, and the only reality, that it seems more possible for any and all objects to totter and fall into dust than this *one* only one.

I have seen notices of the following; perhaps it is known to many.

#### CHARON AND THE SOULS.

Why are the hills so black in their mourning robes?  
Is it because the stormwind blows, and the rain beats upon them?  
No! the stormwind does not blow, nor the rain beat upon them,  
Charon is passing over with a band of the dead,  
He drives the young, foremost, and behind, the old,  
And he holds upon his saddle the tender children.  
The old pray to him, the young supplicate him,  
O dear Charon, stop in the village, stop at the cool fountain.  
I will not stop at the village, nor at the cool fountain,  
Mothers who go there for water would know their children,  
And man and wife would know one another, and could not be  
separated.

#### THE VOICE OF THE GRAVE.

All Saturday we were carousing, all the dear Sunday,  
And, when Monday morning came, all our wine was gone,  
Then the captain bade me go and bring more wine.  
A stranger am I, I know not the paths,  
And went into wrong ways, and untrodden paths,  
One of these took me up a high hill,  
All covered with graves, the graves of the valiant;  
A single one stood alone, away from the others,



I saw it not, I stepped on it and stood at the head,  
Then heard I from the lower world a cry and a thundering.  
Why dost thou moan so, grave? Why dost thou sigh so deeply?  
Do the clods press hard, or the black stone-plate?  
The clods press not hard, nor the black plate,  
But I have grief and shame and a great cumber,  
That thou despisest me, thus to step on my head;  
Was I not also a young man? Was I not a brave?  
Have not I too wandered abroad in the moonlight?

Here is a Romaic Lochinvar.

As lately I was sitting and drinking at my marble table,  
My horse neighed loud, my sabre clashed;  
And my heart understood it well, my love is given in marriage,  
They are giving her in marriage to another,  
They bless her, they crown her with another man.  
I went out to my horses, to my five and seventy,  
Which is there of my horses, of my five and seventy,  
Which like a flash flies to the east, and again is in the west?  
And none of them would answer, none would promise,  
But an old horse, covered with forty wounds,  
Said, I am old and unseemly, not fit for a journey,  
But I will go the long way for my fair mistress,  
Who has fed me kindly from her round apron,  
Who has carefully given me drink from her joined hands.

He saddles quick his horse, he quickly rides away,  
O! wind, my master, round the head a cloth seven ells long,  
And be not like a dainty youth, but use the spurs,  
Else soon I shall feel my youth like a foal,  
And scatter your brains over nine ells of land.  
He gives the switch to his horse and it runs forty miles,  
He gives it a second time, then runs it five and forty,  
And on the way as he rode, he prayed to God,  
Let me find my father pruning vines in his vineyard;  
He spoke it like a Christian, he was heard as a saint,  
He found his father pruning vines in the vineyard.  
Hail to thee, old man, all good be with thee, to whom belongs  
this vineyard?

To woe, alas, to dark grief, to Jannes, my son,  
To day they give his love to another wooer,  
They bless her, they crown her with another man.  
O say to me, old man, shall I find her at table?  
If thou hast a swift horse thou may'st find her at table,  
If thou hast a slow horse, thou wilt find her at the marriage.  
He gives the switch to his horse and it runs forty miles,

He gives it a second time, then runs it five and forty,  
 And on the way as he rode he prayed to God,  
 Let me find my mother, watering her garden,  
 He spoke like a Christian, he was heard as a saint,  
 And he found his mother, watering her garden;  
 Hail, mother, good be with thee. To whom belongs this garden?

To woe, alas, to dark grief, to Jannes, my son,  
 To-day they give his love to another wooer,  
 They bless her, they crown her with another man.  
 O say to me, mother, shall I find her at table?  
 If thou hast a swift horse, thou wilt find her at table,  
 If a slow horse, thou wilt find her at the marriage.  
 He gives the switch to his horse, and it runs forty miles,  
 Gives it a second time, the horse runs five and forty.

The horse began to neigh, and the maiden knew him,  
 O my bride, who speaks with thee? Who holds talk with thee?  
 My first brother is it, he brings the bridal presents.  
 If it is thy first brother, go and fill the cup for him,  
 If it is thy first bridegroom, I will come and kill him.  
 Truly, it is my first brother, he brings the bridal presents.  
 Then took she a gold goblet and went out to fill for him,  
 Stand on my right, fair bride, fill the cup with the left.  
 And the horse knelt, and up sprang the maiden,  
 He flies away swift as the wind, the Turks take their guns,  
 But the horse they saw no more, not even the dust,  
 Who had a swift horse, he saw the dust,  
 Who had a slow horse saw not even the dust.

How children love these repetitions which keep up the  
 cadence of the thought, and make the ballad or fairy story  
 musical as rippple after ripple on some little lake!

There are many pretty poems of a playful sort. The  
 Greek grace is seen in these, just as when in the age of  
 Pericles they prefaced the keenest irony with, O best one.

I go into a garden, find an apple tree  
 Richly laden with apples, in the top sits a maiden;  
 I say to her, come down and let us be friends,  
 But she plucks the apples and stones me with them.

The Wish is only to be paralleled in its range with

“Ye gods annihilate both time and space,  
 And make two lovers happy.”

Here below, in the neighborhood, below in the street,  
There dwells an old woman with an old man ;  
She has a cross dog, and a fair daughter,  
Heavens ! might the old woman only die with the old man,  
And were the dog poisoned too, I might have the maid.

## THE CURSE.

My loved, golden, clear moon, now sinking to thy rest,  
Take a greeting to my dearest, the conqueror of my heart.  
He kissed me and said, I will never leave thee,  
And now he has left me, like stubble on the empty field,  
Like a church under ban, like a ruined city.  
I meant to curse him, but I feel tenderness again,  
Yet better is it that I curse. Heaven do as it will,  
With my sighs, my pains, with flames and curses,  
If he climb a cypress tree to pluck its flower,  
May he fall from the top, fall to the ground,  
May he break in two, like glass, may he melt, like wax !  
Feel the Turk's sabre and the dagger of the Frank !  
Have five doctors to hold him, ten to heal him !

## ANOTHER.

I passed by thy door and saw thee in anger,  
Thy head lay down-sunken on thy right cheek,  
Then my heart beat so high that I must ask thee,  
What grief thou hast at heart, that I may bring thee comfort.  
Why dost thou ask, false one ? Well thou knowest what,  
Since thou hast forsaken me and gone after another.  
My dove, who has said that ? Who, my cool fountain ?  
My love, he who has said that may he die this very week !  
If the Sun said it, let him be quenched, if a star let it fall down !  
And if a maiden said it, may she find no wooer !

## DISCOVERY OF LOVE.

O maiden when we met, 't was night, who could have seen us ?  
Night saw us, and dawn, the moon, and the stars,  
And from the sky fell a star that told it to the sea,  
The sea told it to the oar, the oar to the sailor,  
And the sailor told it at the door of his love.

“ The sailor told it to his fair,  
And she — she told it everywhere,”

is a modern addition.

The tenderness is just as graceful.

THE FAREWELL.

O thou my red pink, my blue hyacinth,  
Bow thyself down to me, let me give thee a sweet kiss,  
I must go from this land, my father bids me go.

O thou, my red pink, my blue hyacinth,  
Bow thyself down to me, let me give thee a sweet kiss,  
I must go from this land, my mother bids me go.

Come is the day and hour when we must part,  
We shall not meet again, and, ah, my heart bleeds,  
That we must part here and meet never again,  
My eyes swim in tears, and turn about like wheels,  
That we must part here and meet never again.

The dying chief cries,

Bird,  
On thy wings let me write three black letters,  
One to my mother, another to my sister,  
The third and last to my ardently beloved;  
The mother reads hers, and my sister weeps,  
The sister reads hers, and my beloved weeps,  
My beloved reads hers, and all the world must weep.

THE SAILOR.

He who has a daughter to be wooed and taken in marriage,  
Let him give her to an old man rather than to a young sailor.  
The sailor, the unhappy, has many griefs to suffer,  
Who eats at noon, eats not at night, who makes his bed, but  
sleeps not;

Unhappy the youth who lies sick upon the deck,  
No mother looks upon him, no wife will bewail him,  
He has no brother, has no sisters, has no human soul,  
The captain only speaks to him, and the master of the vessel,  
Heida, stand up thou sailor, thou well taught sailor,  
Reckon now the right time to run into the haven.—  
You say to me, stand up, stand up, I say to you, I cannot,  
Come take hold of me and lift me up and let me sit down,  
And bind two handkerchiefs hard about my head,  
With my love's gold handkerchief bind my cheeks;  
Now bring me the chart, the sorrowful chart,  
See this mountain, this one here, and there above the other,  
They have clouds about their heads and mists at their feet,  
Go, and cast anchor there, — there is a deep haven,

The little anchor on the right, the cable on the left,  
And cast the great anchor into the sea towards the south.  
I pray my captain, and also the master of the ship,  
That they will not bury me in church, nor in cloister,  
No but on the sea beach, deep down in the sand.  
Then will come the sailors, I shall hear their voices,  
And the Yoho, at hauling in the anchor, Yoho casting it out.  
Then his eyes closed and saw never more.

So we see the Greek did not fail to cast his eye on the blue sea, too.

Two of the best, *The Unexpected Marriage*, and the *Night Journey*, I saw long since translated by — Sheridan, with great spirit, but with that corruption of their native simple beauty to which a rhymed translation almost always leads.

The song of the Swallow, the Cradle songs, and one "serenade," even, contained in this volume, are of great beauty, but enough have been given to show the character of the whole. The account of the *Myriologia* corresponds with one of the same ceremonies in a province of France I think, that I saw not long since in a book of Balzac's, "*The Country Physician*." I suppose the account was meant to be received as stating facts. If it is authentic, the correspondence is striking.

"The poems on funeral occasions are, from their nature, improvisations, painting a new and fresh grief. There are indeed handed down for this purpose, certain forms and common-places in the introductions, transitions, and closes, but the varying circumstances oblige always to improvise under cover of these. They have a slow, dragging measure, ending in a high tone, as if to express the cry of grief. It is wonderful to see timid and ignorant women at once transformed into poets by these occasions. Grief which, among us, robs the weaker sex even of the power of speech, becomes with them the source of inspiration, of which they had felt no presage in themselves, and they find courage to express their deepest feelings before the crowd who have their eyes upon them, waiting to be agitated and roused to tender emotions.

"It is hardly necessary to say that not all the women of Greece exhibit this wonderful gift in like degree. Some are especially famed for it, and are invited to sing at the funerals of those with whom they are not connected. The women love to practise this art, while at work in the fields, singing their ex-

tempore laments in imaginary cases, sometimes for the loss of a friend or neighbor, sometimes of a flower, a bird, or a lamb.

"Few of these poems are preserved; they are the gift of the moment and pass away with it; the poetesses, themselves, can rarely remember what they have sung. Single thoughts or images remain in the memory of the hearers, but seldom the whole song. In the absence of the poems, the account given by a friend of one of these ceremonies, at which he was present, may be acceptable.

"A woman of Mezzovon on Pindos, about five and twenty years of age, had lost her husband, who had left her with two little children. She was a poor peasant of simple character, and had never been in the least remarked for her intellect. Leading her children by the hand, she appeared before the corpse, and began her song of sorrow by the story of a dream, which she addressed to the departed. 'A little while ago, she said, 'I saw, before the door of our house, a youth of majestic form, with a threatening aspect, and at his shoulders, white, outspread wings. He stood upon the threshold, with a drawn sword in his hand. 'Woman,' he asked, 'is thy husband in the house?' 'He is within,' I answered; 'he is combing our little Nicholas, and coaxing him that he may not cry. But go not in, terrible young man, go not in. Thou wouldst frighten our child.' But the youth, with the white wings, persisted that he would go in. I tried to push him back, but was not strong enough. He rushed into the house, he rushed on thee, my beloved, he struck thee with his sword, thee unhappy. And our son, the little Nicholas, too, he wished to kill.'

"After this beginning, whose tone, as she delivered it, made the hearers tremble, some of whom were looking to the door for the youth with the white wings, she threw herself sobbing on the body, and they with difficulty drew her away from it. Then while her little child clung sobbing to her knees, she renewed her song with still more inspiration. She asked her husband, how she should now live with their children; she reminded him of their wedding day, of all they had done together for their children, of her love for him, and did not cease till she sank exhausted to the ground, pale as the clay of him she bewailed."

The Irish wake, probably, degenerates in this country; but even here, the poor bricklayers and ditch-makers combine with its coarse sociality something of this poetical enjoyment. Only a few months since I heard from one of the most ignorant Irish, an account of a wake almost as poetic as that given above. It was that of a young hus-



band who left his widow with an infant child. She, too, threw herself on the body, and bewailed her fate with expressions and images of striking and simple beauty. All present were moved to tears. "He was a poor red-headed man, too," added my narrator. The Irish have a rich vein of feeling, and it runs in the same direction with that of these Greeks, though not, 'tis true, with so pure a wave. Indeed, wherever nature is not overlaid with decencies and phrases, a death is always of this poetic value, stimulating to deeper life, and a sincerer thought; it is one legible sentence in the volume of nature.

A few more details.

"The Klephts bivouacked and were upon their guard all day long, but at night they felt themselves secure and could lie down peacefully to sleep. Their beds were of leaves, and their goatskin dresses protected them against the rain. When they made a sally, they took the night for it, preferring a right dark and stormy one. Their march was so rapid that they seldom failed to fall unexpectedly on the enemy.

"The Klepht used the same arms as the Armatoles, but was distinguished by a cord or sash around his waist, with which he bound those whom he took prisoners. They fought without any order, wherever they found a good post, whether a crag, a tree, or a heap of slaughtered foes. They fired standing or kneeling, and loaded again, lying on the back or side. When hemmed in and pressed hard, they seized their sabres and rushed upon the foe in a body.

"Their favorite amusement, when at leisure, was shooting at a mark, and in this they attained the greatest dexterity. They also practised throwing the discus, leaping, and running. Wonderful stories are told of their agility. It was said of the captain Niko-Tzaras that he could leap over seven horses, or even three wagons laden high with corn. Many could run as fast as a horse could gallop, and it was popularly said of the captain Zacharias that, when he ran, his heels touched his ears. To this great swiftness they were indebted for many an advantage over the Turks. They were equally remarkable for their power of enduring hunger, thirst, and tortures; although those to which they were put by the Pachas, were so cruel that they would, if possible, kill themselves rather than be dragged to a prison. Thus it was for them a natural greeting of kindness in festive hours to wish one another 'a good bullet,' meaning one which would hit the right spot and put an end to all uncertainties in a moment.

"Next to being taken captive nothing was dreaded more than

having the head cut off by the enemy, and carried away to be insulted and abused before all eyes. So it was, always, the most urgent and sacredly respected prayer to a brother in arms, to cut off the head of his slain friend, and carry it away from the Turks. This trait is often brought forward in the lays, — of one, only this passage is preserved. 'Friend, take my head that the approaching enemy may not cut it off, and make a show for every passer by. My foes would see it, and their hearts would laugh for joy; my mother would see it and die of grief.'

"Naturally, they thought it a disgrace to die in a bed, deformed by slow sickness into an unhandsome corpse.

"It might be supposed that under such circumstances they would become savage and cruel, but it was not the case. If they reserved their prisoners for ransom, they treated them generously, women always with respect, even when their own families had been maltreated by the foe. If cruel to the men, it was always in retaliation for cruelty. Generally, though they gave not easily his life to the Turk, they put him to death on the spot, without inventing tortures, like those of Ali Pacha.

"They were most scrupulous in religious observances, in keeping the festivals of the church, and even often made long pilgrimages.

"The captain Blachavas went, as a pilgrim, to Jerusalem in his seventy-sixth year, with his gun at his back, and attended by his Protopallikari. He died, as he hoped he might, in the Holy Land. No inducement of honor or safety could make them apostates from their religion. Andrutzos, when offered his choice between the honors of Islamism and the pest-house, chose the latter.

"Their devotion in friendship was not to be surpassed; life was not felt by the Pallikari to be a great sacrifice for his chief, and the story of Diplas and Katzantonis may vie with the beautiful fable of Orestes and Pylades.

"Those who consider comfort and peace necessary to the enjoyment of life may fancy the Klephts unhappy in their precarious and dangerous life amid the woods and mountains. On the contrary this life, full of adventure and variety, and passed in the open air, had such a charm for them, that few of those who submitted to the Pacha could endure the idle repose to which they had condemned themselves. They walked about, sad and downcast, often turning their longing eyes to the mountains, for which even the charming climate, safety, and freedom of the Ionian isles could not console them.

"Their mountains, though not so high as the Alps, or even the Pyrenees, are uninhabitable a part of the year. In the season of snow they must leave them. They wrapped in linen

their arms and accoutrements, hid them in the clefts or caverns, and went forth, some to the houses of friends and relations, others to the Ionian isles. Here the Klepht was known at once amid the crowd by his proud bearing, his wild glance, and picturesque dress. The Greeks, or all of them who retained a spark of national feeling, looked with pride on men before whom the Turks had often trembled; the story of their exploits passed from tongue to tongue, and the children of the villages fought, for their play, in Klepht and Turkish bands, of which the former were pretty sure to remain the victors, for the strongest and most spirited boys were always on that side."

These extracts are abridged from the German, not without injury, and a risk of confusion, for there are no superfluous words or details in the book. It should be read; considering that it has been published so many years, very few, in proportion to its merit, can have had the benefit of it, or allusion to its subjects would be more frequent.

He who was the "sitting Rhapsodist," of the early Greek time would hail the heroism, the self-sufficing power and resource, the free poetic spirit of the Klephts. They have not the rich frame in which his figures are set, but they are well worthy of a shield of Achilles. Their machinery is very simple. A bird stops a moment on the mountain peak to tell the story of a noble life, of a man, a prince in his heart, and a poet in his eye, whose life, if rude, was single, and well filled with passages, that tried his higher powers. All that relates to them is important in their eyes, as may be seen by the high-flown descriptions of the few accessories they had or needed. Their horses are shod with silver, their bits are of gold. The sword is in all countries a theme for poetical hyperbole, for it is the symbol of a warrior's life. This pleasure in details marks the reality of their existence; whatever they had or did was significant. In this, as in so many other respects, they represent our Indians, softened by the atmosphere which a high civilization, though mostly forgotten, does not fail to leave behind, and a gentler clime. Whatever we can obtain from our aborigines has the same beauty with these ballads. Had we but as complete a collection as this! Some German should visit this country, and aid with his power of selection, and critical discernment, the sympathy, enthusiasm, and energy of Catlin.

The German translator observes, "What characterizes the mountain lays is a vigorous tone, a wild intrepidity in thoughts and images, and a mood which takes up the most marvellous subject, and treats it as freely and familiarly as the most common. The bards sing, as the Klephts strike. They are all marked by a like patriotic enthusiasm, hatred for the Turk, love for freedom and independence. Not only the air of the mountains blows upon us, but the steep and wild forms of the rocks, from whose clefts they echo, are to be found in these ballads."

They present a striking contrast to the Rhine ballads in this; they are entirely destitute of that symbolical character which gives such interest to the minutiae of the latter. The Romaic are a plain transcript of realities, which happen to be of the class called Romantic. They please by their scenery and exhibition of character. The Rhine ballads are the growth of a national thought, and a religious faith.

*M. Fuller.*

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#### THE BLACK KNIGHT.

BE sure your fate  
Doth keep apart its state,  
Not linked with any band,  
Even the nobles of the land;  
In tented fields with cloth of gold  
No place doth hold,  
But is more chivalrous than they are,  
And sightheth for a nobler war;  
A finer strain its trumpet sings,  
A brighter gleam its armor flings.  
The life that I aspire to live  
No man proposeth me,  
Only the promise of my heart  
Wears its emblazonry.

*H. D. Thoreau*

*Concord*

## LECTURES ON THE TIMES.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

## LECTURE II. THE CONSERVATIVE.

*Read at the Masonic Temple in Boston, 9 Dec. 1841.*

THE two parties which divide the state, the party of Conservatism and that of Innovation, are very old, and have disputed the possession of the world ever since it was made. This quarrel is the subject of civil history. The conservative party established the reverend hierarchies and monarchies of the most ancient world. The battle of patrician and plebeian, of parent state and colony, of old usage and accommodation to new facts, of the rich and the poor reappears in all countries and times. The war rages not only in battle-fields, in national councils, and ecclesiastical synods, but agitates every man's bosom with opposing advantages every hour. On rolls the old world meantime, and now one, now the other gets the day, and still the fight renews itself as if for the first time, under new names and hot personalities.

Such an irreconcilable antagonism, of course, must have a correspondent depth of seat in the human constitution. It is the opposition of Past and Future, of Memory and Hope, of the Understanding and the Reason. It is the primal antagonism, the appearance in trifles of the two poles of nature.

There is a fragment of old fable which seems somehow to have been dropped from the current mythologies, which may deserve attention, as it appears to relate to this subject.

Saturn grew weary of sitting alone, or with none but the great Uranus or Heaven beholding him, and he created an oyster. Then he would act again, but he made nothing more, but went on creating the race of oysters. Then Uranus cried, 'a new work; O Saturn! the old is not good again.'

Saturn replied. 'I fear. There is not only the alter-

native of making and not making, but also of unmaking. Seest thou the great sea, how it ebbs and flows? so is it with me; my power ebbs; and if I put forth my hands, I shall not do, but undo. Therefore I do what I have done; I hold what I have got; and so I resist Night and Chaos.'

'O Saturn,' replied Uranus, 'Thou canst not hold thine own, but by making more. Thy oysters are barnacles and cockles, and with the next flowing of the tide, they will be pebbles and sea foam.'

'I see,' rejoins Saturn, 'thou art in league with Night, thou art become an evil eye; thou spakest from love; now thy words smite me with hatred. I appeal to Fate, must there not be rest?' — 'I appeal to Fate also,' said Uranus, 'must there not be motion?' — But Saturn was silent and went on making oysters for a thousand years.

After that, the word of Uranus came into his mind like a ray of the sun, and he made Jupiter; and then he feared again; and nature froze, the things that were made went backward, and to save the world, Jupiter slew his father Saturn.

This may stand for the earliest account of a conversation on politics between a Conservative and a Radical, which has come down to us. It is ever thus. It is the counteraction of the centripetal and the centrifugal forces. Innovation is the salient energy; Conservatism the pause on the last movement. 'That which is was made by God,' saith Conservatism. 'He is leaving that, he is entering this other;' rejoins Innovation.

There is always a certain meanness in the argument of conservatism, joined with a certain superiority in its fact. It affirms because it holds. Its fingers clutch the fact, and it will not open its eyes to see a better fact. The castle, which conservatism is set to defend, is the actual state of things, good and bad. The project of innovation is the best possible state of things. Of course, conservatism always has the worst of the argument, is always apologizing, pleading a necessity, pleading that to change would be to deteriorate; it must saddle itself with the mountainous load of all the violence and vice of society, must deny the possibility of good, deny ideas, and suspect and stone the prophet; whilst innovation is always in the right, triumphant, attacking, and sure of final success. Conservatism



stands on man's incontestable limitations; reform on his indisputable infinitude; conservatism on circumstance; liberalism on power; one goes to make an adroit member of the social frame; the other to postpone all things to the man himself; conservatism is debonnair and social; reform is individual and imperious. We are reformers in spring and summer, in autumn and winter we stand by the old; reformers in the morning, conservers at night. Reform is affirmative, conservatism negative; conservatism goes for comfort, reform for truth. Conservatism is more candid to behold another's worth; reform more disposed to maintain and increase its own. Conservatism makes no poetry, breathes no prayer, has no invention; it is all memory. Reform has no gratitude, no prudence, no husbandry. It makes a great difference to your figure and to your thought, whether your foot is advancing or receding. Conservatism never puts the foot forward; in the hour when it does that, it is not establishment, but reform. Conservatism tends to universal seeming and treachery, believes in a negative fate; believes that men's temper governs them; that for me, it avails not to trust in principles; they will fail me; I must bend a little; it distrusts nature; it thinks there is a general law without a particular application, — law for all that does not include any one. Reform in its antagonism inclines to asinine resistance, to kick with hoofs; it runs to egotism and bloated self-conceit; it runs to a bodiless pretension, to unnatural refining and elevation, which ends in hypocrisy and sensual reaction.

And so whilst we do not go beyond general statements, it may be safely affirmed of these two metaphysical antagonists, that each is a good half, but an impossible whole. Each exposes the abuses of the other, but in a true society, in a true man, both must combine. Nature does not give the crown of its approbation, namely, Beauty, to any action or emblem or actor but to one which combines both these elements; not to the rock which resists the waves from age to age, nor to the wave which lashes incessantly the rock, but the superior beauty is with the oak which stands with its hundred arms against the storms of a century and grows every year like a sapling; or the river which ever flowing, yet is found in the same bed from age to age; or, greatest of all, the man who has subsisted for

years amid the changes of nature, yet has distanced himself, so that when you remember what he was, and see what he is, you say, What strides! what a disparity is here!

Throughout nature the past combines in every creature with the present. Each of the convolutions of the sea-shell, each of its nodes and spines marks one year of the fish's life, what was the mouth of the shell for one season, with the addition of new matter by the growth of the animal, becoming an ornamental node. The leaves and a shell of soft wood are all that the vegetation of this summer has made, but the solid columnar stem, which lifts that bank of foliage into the air to draw the eye and to cool us with its shade, is the gift and legacy of dead and buried years.

In nature, each of these elements being always present, each theory has a natural support. As we take our stand on Necessity, or on Ethics, shall we go for the conservative, or for the reformer. If we read the world historically, we shall say, Of all the ages, the present hour and circumstance is the cumulative result; this is the best throw of the dice of nature that has yet been, or that is yet possible. If we see it from the side of Will, or the Moral Sentiment, we shall accuse the Past and the Present, and require the impossible of the Future.

But although this bifold fact lies thus united in real nature, and so united that no man can continue to exist in whom both these elements do not work, yet men are not philosophers, but are rather very foolish children, who by reason of their partiality see everything in the most absurd manner, and who are the victims at all times of the nearest object. There is even no philosopher who is a philosopher at all times. Our experience, our perception is conditioned by the need to acquire in parts and in succession, that is, with every truth a certain falsehood. As this is the invariable method of our training, we must give it allowance, and suffer men to learn as they have done for six millenniums, a word at a time, to pair off into insane parties, and learn the amount of truth each knows, by the denial of an equal amount of truth. For the present then, to come at what sum is attainable to us, we must even hear the parties plead as parties.

That which is best about conservatism, that which though it cannot be expressed in detail inspires reverence in all, is the Inevitable. There is the question not only, what the conservative says for himself? but, far deeper, why he must say it? What insurmountable fact binds him to that side? Here is the fact which men call Fate, and fate in dread degrees, fate behind fate, not to be disposed of by the consideration that the Conscience commands this or that, but necessitating the question, whether the faculties of man will play him true in resisting the facts of universal experience? For although the commands of the Conscience are *essentially* absolute, they are *historically* limitary. Wisdom does not seek a literal rectitude, but an useful, that is, a conditioned one, such a one as the faculties of man and the constitution of things will warrant. The reformer, the partisan loses himself in driving to the utmost some specialty of right conduct, until his own nature and all nature resist him; but Wisdom attempts nothing enormous and disproportioned to its powers, nothing which it cannot perform or nearly perform. We have all a certain intellection or presentiment of reform existing in the mind, which does not yet descend into the character, and those who throw themselves blindly on this lose themselves. Whatever they attempt in that direction, fails, and reacts suicidally on the actor himself. This is the penalty of having transcended nature. For the existing world is not a dream, and cannot with impunity be treated as a dream; neither is it a disease; but it is the ground on which you stand, it is the mother of whom you were born. Reform converses with possibilities, perchance with impossibilities; but here is sacred fact. This also was true, or it could not be: it had life in it, or it could not have existed; it has life in it, or it could not continue. Your schemes may be feasible, or may not be, but this has the endorsement of nature and a long friendship and cohabitation with the powers of nature. This will stand until a better cast of the dice is made. The contest between the Future and the Past is one between Divinity entering, and Divinity departing. You are welcome to try your experiments, and, if you can, to displace the actual order by that ideal republic you announce, for nothing but God will expel God. But plainly the burden of proof must lie with

the projector. We hold to this, until you can demonstrate something better.

The system of property and law goes back for its origin to barbarous and sacred times; it is the fruit of the same mysterious cause as the mineral or animal world. There is a natural sentiment and prepossession in favor of age, of ancestors, of barbarous and aboriginal usages, which is a homage to this element of necessity and divinity which is in them. The respect for the old names of places, of mountains, and streams, is universal. The Indian and barbarous name can never be supplanted without loss. The ancients tell us that the gods loved the Ethiopians for their stable customs; and the Egyptians and Chaldeans, whose origin could not be explored, passed among the junior tribes of Greece and Italy for sacred nations.

Moreover, so deep is the foundation of the existing social system, that it leaves no one out of it. We may be partial, but Fate is not. All men have their root in it. You who quarrel with the arrangements of society, and are willing to embroil all, and risk the indisputable good that exists, for the chance of better, live, move, and have your being in this, and your deeds contradict your words every day. For as you cannot jump from the ground without using the resistance of the ground, nor put out the boat to sea, without shoving from the shore, nor attain liberty without rejecting obligation, so you are under the necessity of using the Actual order of things, in order to disuse it; to live by it, whilst you wish to take away its life. The past has baked your loaf, and in the strength of its bread you would break up the oven. But you are betrayed by your own nature. You also are conservatives. However men please to style themselves, I see no other than a conservative party. You are not only identical with us in your needs, but also in your methods and aims. You quarrel with my conservatism, but it is to build up one of your own; it will have a new beginning, but the same course and end, the same trials, the same passions; among the lovers of the new I observe that there is a jealousy of the newest, and that the seceder from the seceder is as damnable as the pope himself.

On these and the like grounds of general statement, conservatism plants itself without danger of being displac-

ed. Especially before this *personal* appeal, the innovator must confess his weakness, must confess that no man is to be found good enough to be entitled to stand champion for the principle. But when this great tendency comes to practical encounters, and is challenged by young men, to whom it is no abstraction, but a fact of hunger, distress, and exclusion from opportunities, it must needs seem injurious. The youth, of course, is an innovator by the fact of his birth. There he stands, newly born on the planet, a universal beggar, with all the reason of things, one would say, on his side. In his first consideration how to feed, clothe, and warm himself, he is met by warnings on every hand, that this thing and that thing have owners, and he must go elsewhere. Then he says; If I am born into the earth, where is my part? have the goodness, gentlemen of this world, to show me my wood-lot, where I may fell my wood, my field where to plant my corn, my pleasant ground where to build my cabin.

‘Touch any wood, or field, or house-lot, on your peril,’ cry all the gentlemen of this world; ‘but you may come and work in ours, for us, and we will give you a piece of bread.’

And what is that peril?

Knives and muskets, if we meet you in the act; imprisonment if we find you afterward.

And by what authority, kind gentlemen?

By our law.

And your law, — is it just?

As just for you as it was for us. We wrought for others under this law, and got our lands so.

I repeat the question, is your law just?

Not quite just, but necessary. Moreover it is juster now than it was when we were born; we have made it milder and more equal.

I will none of your law, returns the youth. It encumbers me. I cannot understand, or so much as spare time to read that needless library of your laws. Nature has sufficiently provided me with rewards and sharp penalties, to bind me not to transgress. Like the Persian noble of old, I ask “that I may neither command nor obey.” I do not wish to enter into your complex social system. I shall serve those whom I can, and they who can will serve me.

I shall seek those whom I love, and shun those whom I love not, and what more can all your laws render me?

With equal earnestness and good faith, replies to this plaintiff an upholder of the establishment, a man of many virtues.

Your opposition is feather-brained and overfine. Young man, I have no skill to talk with you, but look at me; I have risen early and sat late, and toiled honestly, and painfully for very many years. I never dreamed about methods; I laid my bones to, and drudged for the good I possess; it was not got by fraud, nor by luck, but by work, and you must show me a warrant like these stubborn facts in your own fidelity and labor, before I suffer you, on the faith of a few fine words, to ride into my estate, and claim to scatter it as your own.

Now you touch the heart of the matter, replies the reformer. To that fidelity and labor, I pay homage. I am unworthy to arraign your manner of living, until I too have been tried. But I should be more unworthy, if I did not tell you why I cannot walk in your steps. I find this vast network, which you call property, extended over the whole planet. I cannot occupy the bleakest crag of the White Hills or the Alleghany Range, but some man or corporation steps up to me to show me that it is his. Now, though I am very peaceable, and on my private account could well enough die, since it appears there was some mistake in my creation, and that I have been missent to this earth, where all the seats were already taken, — yet I feel called upon in behalf of rational nature, which I represent, to declare to you my opinion, that, if the Earth is yours, so also is it mine. All your aggregate existences are less to me a fact than is my own; as I am born to the earth, so the Earth is given to me, what I want of it to till and to plant; nor could I without pusillanimity, omit to claim so much. I must not only have a name to live, I must live. My genius leads me to build a different manner of life from any of yours. I cannot then spare you the whole world. I love you better. I must tell you the truth practically; and take that which you call yours. It is God's world and mine; yours as much as you want, mine as much as I want. Besides, I know your ways; I know the symptoms of the disease. To the end of your power, you will serve this lie which



cheats you. Your want is a gulf which the possession of the broad earth would not fill. Yonder sun in heaven you would pluck down from shining on the universe, and make him a property or privacy, if you could; and the moon and the north star you would quickly have occasion for in your closet and bed-chamber. What you do not want for use, you crave for ornament, and what your convenience could spare, your pride cannot.

On the other hand, precisely the defence which was set up for the British Constitution, namely, that with all its admitted defects, rotten boroughs and monopolies, it worked well, and substantial justice was somehow done; the wisdom and the worth did get into parliament, and every interest did by right, or might, or sleight, get represented; — the same defence is set up for the existing institutions. They are not the best; they are not just; and in respect to you, personally, O brave young man! they cannot be justified. They have, it is most true, left you no acre for your own, and no law but our law, to the ordaining of which, you were no party. But they do answer the end, they are really friendly to the good; unfriendly to the bad; they second the industrious, and the kind; they foster genius. They really have so much flexibility as to afford your talent and character, on the whole, the same chance of demonstration and success which they might have, if there was no law and no property.

It is trivial and merely superstitious to say that nothing is given you, no outfit, no exhibition; for in this institution of *credit*, which is as universal as honesty and promise in the human countenance, always some neighbor stands ready to be bread and land and tools and stock to the young adventurer. And if in any one respect they have come short, see what ample retribution of good they have made. They have lost no time and spared no expense to collect libraries and museums and galleries, colleges, palaces, hospitals, observatories, cities. The ages have not been idle, nor kings slack, nor the rich niggardly. Have we not atoned for this small offence (which we could not help) of leaving you no right in the soil, by this splendid indemnity of ancestral and national wealth? Would you have been born like a gipsy in a hedge, and preferred your freedom on a heath, and the range of a

planet which had no shed or boscage to cover you from sun and wind, — to this towered and citted world? to this world of Rome, and Memphis, and Constantinople, and Vienna, and Paris, and London, and New York? For thee Naples, Florence, and Venice, for thee the fair Mediterranean, the sunny Adriatic; for thee both Indies smile; for thee the hospitable North opens its heated palaces under the polar circle; for thee roads have been cut in every direction across the land, and fleets of floating palaces with every security for strength, and provision for luxury, swim by sail and by steam through all the waters of this world. Every island for thee has a town; every town a hotel. Though thou wast born landless, yet to thy industry and thrift and small condescension to the established usage, — scores of servants are swarming in every strange place with cap and knee to thy command, scores, nay hundreds and thousands, for thy wardrobe, thy table, thy chamber, thy library, thy leisure; and every whim is anticipated and served by the best ability of the whole population of each country. The king on the throne governs for thee, and the judge judges; the barrister pleads, the farmer tills, the joiner hammers, the postman rides. Is it not exaggerating a trifle to insist on a formal acknowledgment of your claims, when these substantial advantages have been secured to you? Now can your children be educated, your labor turned to their advantage, and its fruits secured to them after your death. It is frivolous to say you have no acre because you have not a mathematically measured piece of land. Providence takes care that you shall have a place, that you are waited for and come accredited; and as soon as you put your gift to use, you shall have acre or acre's worth according to your exhibition of desert, — acre, if you need land; — acre's worth, if you prefer to draw, or carve, or make shoes, or wheels, to the tilling of the soil.

Besides, it might temper your indignation at the supposed wrong which society has done you, to keep the question before you, how society got into this predicament? Who put things on this false basis? No single man, but all men. No man voluntarily and knowingly, but it is the result of that degree of culture there is in the planet. The order of things is as good as the character of the

population permits. Consider it as the work of a great and beneficent and progressive necessity, which from the first pulsation of the first animal life, up to the present high culture of the best nations, has advanced thus far. Thank the rude fostermother though she has taught you a better wisdom than her own, and has set hopes in your heart which shall be history in the next ages. You are yourself the result of this manner of living, this foul compromise, this vituperated Sodom. It nourished you with care and love on its breast, as it had nourished many a lover of the right, and many a poet, and prophet, and teacher of men. Is it so irremediably bad? Then again, if the mitigations are considered, do not all the mischiefs virtually vanish? The form is bad, but see you not how every personal character reacts on the form, and makes it new. A strong person makes the law and custom null before his own will. Then the principle of love and truth reappears in the strictest courts of fashion and property. Under the richest robes, in the darlings of the selectest circles of European or American aristocracy, the strong heart will beat with love of mankind, with impatience of accidental distinctions, with the desire to achieve its own fate, and make every ornament it wears authentic and real.

Moreover, as we have already shown that there is no pure reformer, so it is to be considered that there is no pure conservative, no man who from the beginning to the end of his life maintains the defective institutions; but he who sets his face like a flint against every novelty, when approached in the confidence of conversation, in the presence of friendly and generous persons, has also his gracious and relenting motions, and espouses for the time the cause of man; and even if this be a shortlived emotion, yet the remembrance of it in private hours mitigates his selfishness and compliance with custom.

The Friar Bernard lamented in his cell on Mount Cenis the crimes of mankind, and rising one morning before day from his bed of moss and dry leaves, he gnawed his roots and berries, drank of the spring, and set forth to go to Rome to reform the corruption of mankind. On his way he encountered many travellers who greeted him courteously; and the cabins of the peasants and the castles of the lords supplied his few wants. When he came at last

to Rome, his piety and good will easily introduced him to many families of the rich, and on the first day he saw and talked with gentle mothers with their babes at their breasts, who told him how much love they bore their children, and how they were perplexed in their daily walk lest they should fail in their duty to them. 'What!' he said, 'and this on rich embroidered carpets, on marble floors, with cunning sculpture, and carved wood, and rich pictures, and piles of books about you?' — 'Look at our pictures and books, they said, and we will tell you, good Father, how we spent the last evening. These are stories of godly children and holy families and romantic sacrifices made in old or in recent times by great and not mean persons; and last evening, our family was collected, and our husbands and brothers discoursed sadly on what we could save and give in the hard times.' Then came in the men, and they said, 'What cheer, brother? Does thy convent want gifts?' Then the friar Bernard went home swiftly with other thoughts than he brought, saying, 'This way of life is wrong, yet these Romans, whom I prayed God to destroy, are lovers, they are lovers; what can I do?'

The reformer concedes that these mitigations exist, and, that, if he proposed comfort, he should take sides with the establishment. Your words are excellent, but they do not tell the whole. Conservatism is affluent and openhanded, but there is a cunning juggle in riches. I observe that they take somewhat for everything they give. I look bigger, but am less; I have more clothes, but am not so warm; more armor, but less courage; more books, but less wit. What you say of your planted and builded and decorated world, is true enough, and I gladly avail myself of its convenience; yet I have remarked that what holds in particular, holds in general, that the plant Man does not require for his most glorious flowering this pomp of preparation and convenience, but the thoughts of some beggarly Homer who strolled, God knows when, in the infancy and barbarism of the old world; the gravity and sense of some slave Moses who leads away his fellow slaves from their masters; the contemplation of some Scythian Anacharsis; the erect, formidable valor of some Dorian townsmen in the town of Sparta; the vigor of Clovis the Frank, and Alfred the Saxon, and Alaric the Goth, and Mahomet,

Ali, and Omar the Arabians, Saladin the Curd, and Othman the Turk, sufficed to build what you call society, on the spot and in the instant when the sound mind in a sound body appeared. Rich and fine is your dress, O conservatism! your horses are of the best blood; your roads are well cut and well paved; your pantry is full of meats and your cellar of wines, and a very good state and condition are you for gentlemen and ladies to live under; but every one of these goods steals away a drop of my blood. I want the necessity of supplying my own wants. All this costly culture of yours is not necessary. Greatness does not need it. Yonder poor man, who sits neglected there in a corner, carries a whole revolution of man and nature in his head, which shall be a sacred history to some future ages. For man is the end of nature; nothing so easily organizes itself in every part of the universe as he; no moss, no lichen is so easily born; and he takes along with him and puts out from himself the whole apparatus of society and condition *extempore*, as an army encamps in a desert, and where all was just now blowing sand, creates a white city in an hour, a government, a market, a place for feasting, for conversation, and for love.

These considerations, urged by those whose characters and whose fortunes are yet to be formed, must needs command the sympathy of all reasonable persons. But beside that charity which should make all adult persons interested for the youth, and engage them to see that he has a free field and fair play on his entrance into life, we are bound to see that the society, of which we compose a part, does not permit the formation or continuance of views and practices injurious to the honor and welfare of mankind. The objection to conservatism, when embodied in a party, is this, that in its love of acts, it hates principles; it lives in the senses, not in truth; that it sacrifices to despair; it goes for availableness in its candidate, not for worth; and for expediency in its measures, and not for the right. Under pretence of allowing for friction, it makes so many additions and supplements to the machine of society, that it will play smoothly and softly, but will no longer grind any grist.

The conservative party in the universe concedes that the radical would talk sufficiently to the purpose, if we were still in the garden of Eden; he legislates for man as he



ought to be ; his theory is right, but he makes no allowance for friction ; and this omission makes his whole doctrine false. The idealist retorts, that the conservative falls into a far more noxious error in the other extreme. The conservative assumes sickness as a necessary fact, and his social frame is a hospital, his total legislation is for the present distress, a universe in slippers and flannels, with bib and papspoon, swallowing pills and herb-tea. Sickness gets organized as well as health, the vice as well as the virtue. Now that a vicious system of trade has existed so long, it has stereotyped itself in the human generation, and misers are born. And now that sickness has got such a foothold, leprosy has grown cunning, has got into the ballot box ; the lepers outvote the clean ; society has resolved itself into a Hospital Committee, and all its laws are quarantine. If any man resist and set up a foolish hope he has entertained as good against the general despair, society frowns on him, shuts him out of all her opportunities, her granaries, her refectories, her water and bread, and will serve him a sexton's turn ;

" Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,  
Here's the hole, and in thou must."

It takes as low a view of every part of human action and passion. Its religion is just as bad ; a lozenge for the sick ; a dolorous tune to beguile the distemper ; mitigations of pain by pillows and anodynes ; always mitigations, never remedies ; pardons for sin, funeral honors, — never self-help, renovation, and virtue. Its social and political action has no better aim ; to keep out wind and weather, to bring the day and year about, and make the world last our day ; not to sit on the world and steer it ; not to sink the memory of the past in the glory of a new and more excellent creation ; a timid cobbler and patcher, it degrades whatever it touches. The cause of education is urged in this country with the utmost earnestness, — on what ground ? why on this, that the people have the power, and if they are not instructed to sympathize with the intelligent, reading, trading, and governing class, inspired with a taste for the same competitions and prizes, they will upset the fair pageant of Judicature, and perhaps lay a hand on the sacred muniments of wealth itself, and new distribute the



land. Religion is taught in the same spirit. The contractors who were building a road out of Baltimore, some years ago, found the Irish laborers quarrelsome and refractory to a degree that embarrassed the agents, and seriously interrupted the progress of the work. The corporation were advised to call off the police, and build a Catholic chapel; which they did; the priest presently restored order, and the work went on prosperously. Such hints, be sure, are too valuable to be lost. If you do not value the Sabbath, or other religious institutions, give yourself no concern about maintaining them. They have already acquired a market value as conservators of property; and if priest and church member should fail, the chambers of commerce and the presidents of the Banks, the very innholders and landlords of the county would muster with fury to their support.

Of course religion in such hands loses all its essence. Instead of that profound reliance, which the soul forever suggests in the eternity of truth and duty, men are misled into a reliance on rotten institutions, on institutions, which, the moment they cease to be the instantaneous creations of the devout sentiment, are worthless. Religion among the low becomes low. As it loses its truth, it loses credit with the sagacious. They detect the falsehood of the preaching, but when they say so, all good citizens cry, Hush; do not weaken the state, do not take off the strait jacket from dangerous persons. Every honest man must keep up the hoax the best he can; must patronize providence and piety, and wherever he sees anything that will keep men amused, schools or churches or poetry or picture-galleries or music, or what not, he must cry "Hist-a-boy," and urge the game on. What a compliment we pay to the good SPIRIT with our superserviceable zeal!

But not to balance reasons for and against the establishment any longer, and if it still be asked in this necessity of partial organization, which party on the whole has the highest claims on our sympathy, I bring it home to the private heart where all such questions must have their final arbitrement. How will every strong and generous mind choose its ground, — with the defenders of the old? or with the seekers of the new? Which is that state which promises to edify a great, brave, and beneficent man;

to throw him on his resources, and tax the whole strength of his character? On which part will each of us find himself in the hour of strength and of aspiration?

I understand well the respect of mankind for war, because that breaks up the Chinese stagnation of society, and demonstrates the personal merits of all men. A state of war or anarchy, in which law has little force, is so far valuable, that it puts every man on trial. The man of principle is known as such, and even in the fury of faction is respected. In the civil wars of France, Montaigne alone, among all the French gentry, kept his castle gates unbarred, and made his personal integrity as good at least as a regiment. The man of courage and resources is shown, and the effeminate and base person. Those who rise above war, and those who fall below it, it easily discriminates, as well as those, who, accepting its rude conditions, keep their own head by their own sword.

But in peace and a commercial state we depend, not as we ought, on our knowledge and all men's knowledge that we are honest men, but we cowardly lean on the virtue of others. For it is always at last the virtue of some men in the society, which keeps the law in any reverence and power. Is there not something shameful that I should owe my peaceful occupancy of my house and field, not to the knowledge of my countrymen that I am useful, but to their respect for sundry other reputable persons, I know not whom, whose joint virtues still keep the law in good odor?

It will never make any difference to a hero what the laws are. His greatness will shine and accomplish itself unto the end, whether they second him or not. If he have earned his bread by drudgery, and in the narrow and crooked ways which were all an evil law had left him, he will make it at least honorable by his expenditure. Of the past he will take no heed; for its wrongs he will not hold himself responsible: he will say, all the meanness of my progenitors shall not bereave me of the power to make this hour and company fair and fortunate. Whatsoever streams of power and commodity flow to me, shall of me acquire healing virtue, and become fountains of safety. Can not I too descend a Redeemer into nature? Whosoever hereafter shall name my name, shall not record a malefac-

tor, but a benefactor in the earth. If there be power in good intention, in fidelity, and in toil, the north wind shall be purer, the stars in heaven shall glow with a kindlier beam, that I have lived. I am primarily engaged to myself to be a public servant of all the gods, to demonstrate to all men that there is intelligence and good will at the heart of things, and ever higher and yet higher leadings. These are my engagements; how can your law further or hinder me in what I shall do to men? On the other hand, these dispositions establish their relations to me. Wherever there is worth, I shall be greeted. Wherever there are men, are the objects of my study and love. Sooner or later all men will be my friends, and will testify in all methods the energy of their regard. I cannot thank your law for my protection. I protect it. It is not in its power to protect me. It is my business to make myself revered. I depend on my honor, my labor, and my dispositions, for my place in the affections of mankind, and not on any conventions or parchments of yours.

But if I allow myself in derelictions, and become idle and dissolute, I quickly come to love the protection of a strong law, because I feel no title in myself to my advantages. To the intemperate and covetous person no love flows; to him mankind would pay no rent, no dividend, if force were once relaxed; nay, if they could give their verdict, they would say, that his self-indulgence and his oppression deserved punishment from society, and not that rich board and lodging he now enjoys. The law acts then as a screen of his unworthiness, and makes him worse the longer it protects him.

In conclusion, to return from this alternation of partial views, to the high platform of universal and necessary history, it is a happiness for mankind that innovation has got on so far, and has so free a field before it. The boldness of the hope men entertain transcends all former experience. It calms and cheers them with the picture of a simple and equal life of truth and piety. And this hope flowered on what tree? It was not imported from the stock of some celestial plant, but grew here on the wild crab of conservatism. It is much that this old and vituperated system of things has borne so fair a child. It predicts that amidst a planet peopled with conservatives, one Reformer may yet be born.

## THE INWARD MORNING.

PACKED in my mind lie all the clothes  
Which outward nature wears,  
And in its fashion's hourly change  
It all things else repairs.

In vain I look for change abroad,  
And can no difference find,  
Till some new ray of peace uncalled  
Illumes my inmost mind.

What is it gilds the trees and clouds,  
And paints the heavens so gay,  
But yonder fast abiding light  
With its unchanging ray?

Lo, when the sun streams through the wood  
Upon a winter's morn,  
Where'er his silent beams intrude  
The murky night is gone.

How could the patient pine have known  
The morning breeze would come,  
Or humble flowers anticipate  
The insect's noonday hum?

Till the new light with morning cheer  
From far streamed through the aisles,  
And nimbly told the forest trees  
For many stretching miles.

I've heard within my inmost soul  
Such cheerful morning news,  
In the horizon of my mind  
Have seen such orient hues,

As in the twilight of the dawn,  
When the first birds awake,  
Are heard within some silent wood,  
Where they the small twigs break,

Or in the eastern skies are seen,  
Before the sun appears,  
The harbingers of summer heats  
Which from afar he bears.

H. D. T. *Horan*

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FREE LOVE.

My love must be as free  
As is the eagle's wing,  
Hovering o'er land and sea  
And every thing.

I must not dim my eye  
In thy saloon,  
I must not leave my sky  
And nightly moon.

Be not the fowler's net  
Which stays my flight,  
And craftily is set  
T' allure the sight,

But be the favoring gale  
That bears me on,  
And still doth fill my sail  
When thou art gone.

I cannot leave my sky  
For thy caprice,  
True love would soar as high  
As heaven is.

The eagle would not brook  
Her mate thus won,  
Who trained his eye to look  
Beneath the sun.

H. D. T. *Horan*

## THE POET'S DELAY.

IN vain I see the morning rise,  
In vain observe the western blaze,  
Who idly look to other skies,  
Expecting life by other ways.

Amidst such boundless wealth without,  
I only still am poor within,  
The birds have sung their summer out,  
But still my spring does not begin.

Shall I then wait the autumn wind,  
Compelled to seek a milder day,  
And leave no curious nest behind,  
No woods still echoing to my lay?

H. D. T. *horneau*

## RUMORS FROM AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

THERE is a vale which none hath seen,  
Where foot of man has never been,  
Such as here lives with toil and strife  
An anxious and a sinful life.

There every virtue has its birth,  
Ere it descends upon the earth,  
And thither every deed returns,  
Which in the generous bosom burns.

There love is warm, and youth is young,  
And simple truth on every tongue,  
For Virtue still adventures there,  
And freely breathes her native air.

And ever, if you hearken well,  
You still may hear its vesper bell,  
And tread of high-souled men go by,  
Their thoughts conversing with the sky.

H. D. T. *horneau*



## HOLLIS STREET COUNCIL.

*Proceedings of an Ecclesiastical Council, in the Case of the Proprietors of Hollis Street Meeting-house, and the Rev. John Pierpont, their Pastor, prepared from the official journal and original documents. By SAMUEL K. LOTHROP, Scribe of the Council. Boston: from the press of W. W. Clapp and Son. 1841. 8vo. pp. 384.*

THE history of "ecclesiastical councils," special and general, from the synod at Jerusalem, in the first century, to the celebrated tribunal called the "Hollis Street Council," in the nineteenth century, affords many instructive hints. The story of any Science, traced from its beginnings in ignorance and rude conjectures to the study of facts, the development of a law, the discovery of first principles and the opening of a world of Ideas consequent thereon — this is always curious to the most superficial and instructive to the wisest minds. There is a gloomy and a bright side to human nature; and though the ludicrous may strike us at first, the melancholy features of the case will at last present themselves to all that think. Democritus and Heraclitus, — the philosophers who laugh and the philosophers who weep at the tale of human woe will have their representatives to the end of time. To a pensive mind the gloomy aspect is the most obvious. A sober wisdom, with abated fears and chastened hopes, does not come in the first moment of study, but is the result only of toilsome thought, or religious faith.

To look at the history of Morals, and trace mankind from the Cannibal to the Courtier; to see with what expense of toil and pain and tears and blood each advance has been purchased, and to consider how little has been done, even now, for the best interests of man, the sight is a sad one. To survey the field minutely, and study the two parties that wage interminable war, the one fighting the great battle for human souls, the other against them; to see the let and hindrance which Sloth, Ignorance, and Selfishness cast before the wheels of Reform; to consider the occasional blindness and folly of Reformers themselves, there is something very sad in the thought. We look back, and a tear must dim our triumph. We look forward, —

and it must be with a sigh for the future martyrs whom God raises up to bear the sins of unregenerate man.

But the gloomiest of all the pages of our human tale is perhaps the story of Religion; of what is deepest and highest in man; the cause of his greatest joy, or his most costly sacrifice. Under that name every imposture has found a shelter. The foulest rites, the most detestable doctrines, and hypocrisy the most shameful have here had a refuge, with none to molest nor fray them away. True there is progress, from the sacrifice of a CHILD in the days of Abraham, to the offerings of a LAMB in the time of Moses, still more to a DIVINE LIFE in the time of Jesus. But at what cost was the progress made? What war between the two parties of the Past and the Future, the Actual and the Ideal?

If one would read but a brief history of the "Councils of the Christian church," or turn over the folios of some ponderous collection, it would be with a sad heart. Would he ask for a completer history of human folly and bigotry? Would he not find there that each new Idea, as it dawned on the race from the eternal heaven, was at first regarded by the Shepherds of men, as disastrous, — a star of ruin? What said the household of Terah to the calling of Abraham; the wise men of Tarik to the mission of Moses; the Scribes and Pharisees of Jerusalem to the glad tidings that Jesus brought? Nay, what said the Council of Constance to Jerome and Huss; the Council of Trent to the words of Martin Luther? The chronicles of pirates; the annals of crime; Newgate calendars; the "last words and dying confessions" of scoundrels hanged, disclose but a single phase of the sin that walks or creeps the world. A rascal armed with a bludgeon; an assassin with a knife in his belt, or poison in his pocket, is a dangerous man; no doubt of that. But crime in a cassock; villany that is "banded," surpliced, and stoled, and set off with phylacteries or a sceptre, this is greatly more dangerous. It was real heroism, and that the noblest, in him who said, The Publicans and Harlots go into the Kingdom of God before you, Scribes and Pharisees, Hypocrites. The obvious foes of the race it is cheap to condemn; but to attack and expel the secret enemies of man was worthy of that great soul. No doubt "a saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;" at least the World says so. And if so, why may not a rogue in ruffles be worse than many a rogue in rags?

One needs but little acquaintance with ecclesiastical affairs, to see, that the World and the Church differ very widely in name, and very little in the spirit with which they are managed. The early ecclesiastical synods, assembled for doctrinal purposes, were often planned and conducted by a spirit disgraceful to the human race ; and an acute modern writer says well, " Men of the ecclesiastical profession, however respectable or venerable in their individual capacities, have never met in bodies, but they have become examples of anything but toleration ; and this must necessarily be the case, without any particular fault of theirs, from the mere operation of the most established principles of our common nature." Ecclesiastical courts, to speak of them as a whole, have been instruments of tyranny.\* Is it a century since men's tongues were cut out, and their flesh torn off with red-hot pincers, by the command of ecclesiastical authority, because they would not bow to the Host, a God of bread ? The fact is notorious. It was done in the " most enlightened country of Europe ;" done by pious men, who really thought, no doubt, they did God service, by thus maltreating his image. We live in a better age, though in a land where women have been scourged naked from town to town for their religion ; where " witches " and Quakers have been hanged, the one for serving the fancied devil, the other for worshipping the only God, and the ecclesiastical power defended both the whip and the gallows. But leaving what thoughts we have to offer respecting " councils of the church " in other times and under circumstances, to which we, fortunately, are strangers, we will address ourselves to the work before us, — the far-famed Hollis Street Council.

It is a delicate matter to treat of, and we come to it with reluctance. The subject is full of difficulties ; they increase at every step. There may be misunderstanding on all sides, but there must be BLAME somewhere. It is seldom all on one side. This council is a sore spot to some men. It should therefore be touched with tenderness and

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\* See some curious specimens of the tyrannical spirit of the Church in the middle ages, in Thierry, *Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre*. Liv. I.

a practised hand. We have waited long and anxiously in hopes that some of the experienced and venerable men, the legitimate guides of public opinion, would open their mouth, and give justice its due. We have waited in vain. It is not with pleasure, but under a sense of duty, that we write. However, the fact of a Unitarian council being called in this city; its singular aspect; the character of the men who composed it; its long delays; its protracted sessions; the fame of the legal advisers retained by the two parties; the magnitude of the questions believed to be at issue; the deep interest in the case felt by the public, all these circumstances make it so significant, that we can in no wise allow it to pass over in silence.

An ecclesiastical council assembled in our city is a novel affair in this part of the century; a Unitarian council to try a minister has rather a singular aspect, considering the common views of church discipline taken by that sect. The accused was charged with no error in doctrine, but simply in practice, as we understand the case, and ecclesiastical bodies usually have contended more for the former than the latter. Some of the charges made against the Pastor, if we rightly understand them, are of a very unusual nature. The conduct of the council itself, considering the high character of some of its members, was very surprising, though no doubt substantial precedents could be quoted, both from legal and clerical usage, to justify the course pursued. But we shall not adduce them. Then again the "Result in Council" is curious and instructive; a matter every way worthy of comment in this Journal.

Now, before we proceed to the merits of this case, and in order to understand it the better, and come more successfully to our end, we must be allowed to say a word about the POSITION OF A MINISTER IN GENERAL. The real office of the Christian minister is twofold, abstract and concrete, namely, TO TEACH TRUTH and TO PROMOTE GOODNESS. Here then is a speculative and a practical work to be done. Now, in each of these divisions, it is obvious that there is a positive work to be performed, sowing the seeds of Truth and Goodness. But as the world is, a negative work also must be done, that of confuting Falsehood and exposing Crime. The soil must be ploughed before the

seed is sown. He that says "Truth is of God," though never so gently, says also, at least by implication, "a Lie is not of God, but of the Devil." If he goes seriously to work, while he says every day, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God," he must, now and then, say likewise, "Woe unto Scribes, and Pharisees, Hypocrites," or, "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of God." Now this negative work is very ungrateful to the best of men, but it must be done. Who does not sympathize with that man who said, "Would I were as good as Jesus! Then I could call men by their right names and commit no sin?" No doubt, men no better than their brothers are always ready with their "Woe unto you." Still we repeat it, falsehood must be called *Falsehood*, and sin, *Sin*; wicked men be made to know they are wicked. This is a thankless task. We are sorry to say it, but the tellers of Truth and promoters of Goodness have rarely been popular till after death. "Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted?" may be asked in all ages. The Prophets, that are honored in our day, were murdered in their own, because they told the truth and exposed lies. Diogenes the cynic, if we remember rightly, says his father was banished because he marked bad money; always an invidious office which is certain to diminish the revenue.

Now a Christian minister, if he enters seriously into his calling, — the greatest of all human vocations, — must turn to one or to both of the divisions; to the *abstract* course of teaching truth, and combatting falsehood, or to the *concrete* course of promoting goodness and exposing crime, in what is called a direct and practical way. The speculative man inclines one way, the practical man the other. The true "Scribe, well instructed unto the kingdom of heaven," of course does both.

We know there is a *tertium quid* sometimes heard of. A Christian minister who is not serious in his calling; one of those who "climb, and intrude, and steal into the fold," takes the general average of theological opinion in his district as the standard of truth, and the general average of popular virtue as the standard of goodness, and never goes beyond either; preaches profound, speculative sermons,



(sound in more than one sense,) on the antiquities of the Jewish Church ; the color of the red heifer, it may be, or the size of the Ark, the manner in which Noah collected and disposed the animals he preserved ; the times when the High Priest went into the Holy of Holies, and the typical signification of all these mysteries to the present age ; he preaches also smart practical sermons against obsolete vices, the worship of ancient idols ; the sins of the Jewish Sadducees and Pharisees ; against doubts that nobody shares, and extinct or unpopular classes of unbelievers. If he have still hours not occupied, and a mind that loves work better than the "rack of a too easy chair," and sleep after dinner, he busies himself with the trifles of literature ; makes "collections" of "puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux ;" dabbles in the history of everything but Morals and Religion ; plays on the surface of some easy science ; catches butterflies ; collects epitaphs and conundrums ; gathers antiques ;

"He has a fourth o' auld knick-knackets ;  
Rusty airm caps and jinglin jackets,  
Wad haud the Lothians twain in plackets,  
A two-mont' gude."

Such a man "never gets into trouble." His pulpit is neutral ground, "like some free-port of trade." Truth and falsehood shake hands ; crime and goodness kiss each other. He is born for his tucker and his bib, and never sells his birth-right. Good dinners are got ready for him, and "wine of a noble mark." "He is always on the right side ;" while he lives, has the reputation of a "mild, inoffensive man, who hurts nobody," and has not an enemy in the village ; a man who never meddles with exciting topics and matters too high for him. When he dies, it will be recorded of him as of patriarchs before the flood, that "he lived and begat sons and daughters." The great representative of this class was the famous Vicar of Bray.

Now if a minister pursue either of the two courses first mentioned, he may "get into trouble." Yes, though he is "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." If he turn his attention to the speculative side, and ask, "what is truth?" then he must differ in some respects from the theological opinions of the public. He will differ just in proportion to his ability, activity, and honesty. He must



then abandon his early prejudices as mistakes; expose theological errors; set forth truths not commonly accepted, and depart widely from the doctrines that public opinion declares sound. Then comes the question, Shall he disclose his convictions, or keep them to himself? If he is a serious man, he will do as Luther and Paul, and not "shun to declare the whole counsel of God," asking no question, whether public opinion will tolerate or condemn him. If the minister does this, he "gets into trouble." The Church, — and by this we mean in this place the great guardian of established *opinions*, — comes up to him, lays its hand on its ample conscience, and says, "Sir, you hurt our feelings. You don't believe as we do; not even as your father did before you. We shall not be responsible for your opinions, for we doubt your faculty for thinking. You are a dreamy, foolish person at best. Do turn your hand to some practical work, and leave speculation to us, whose business it is. It is better for you to give up thinking altogether, till you can think and feel as we do. We are good Christians, and would not disturb freedom of thought and speech for the world! Nay, we prize that above all things. But if you preach such opinions as we dislike, we will burn you alive, if we can, and at all events will give you a bad name in this life, and the expectancy of damnation in the next."

If, on the other hand, the minister takes the practical division of his work, turns his attention more to the doings than the doctrines of the public, he "gets into trouble" none the less. He comes to conclusions respecting the public virtue, which differ from the opinions commonly entertained, just in proportion to his ability, activity, and honesty. He sees the sin of society. Then the question comes, Shall he be silent; or when the watchman sees the evil coming, shall he cry aloud and spare not? He has great examples in favor of either course; but that of Paul and Luther in favor of speaking. If he publish his opinion, he comes in contact with the Selfishness, the Sensuality, and the Sin of society. Then the World, — and by this is meant the great guardian of established usages, — comes up to him, lays its hand on its conscience, — broad and conspicuous organ, — and says, "Sir, you hurt our feelings. You have spilled our rum, and put out the fires

of our distilleries. You say that we shall not murder the Indians, nor enslave the Negroes, though we are Christians, and they but Pagan dogs; that we shall not tyrannize over our brother men, nor make them bear our burthens and earn our bread, though we are richer, stronger, and more cunning than they. We are good Christians, but we get our living by what you call *sin*; we must get our living, and our way must be right, for it has always been followed 'from the beginning.' We love God,—that is our religion; but you ask us to love men, which we can't do. We have faith, enough of that, but you ask works beside, and grace into the bargain. You hurt our feelings very much, and we can't be responsible for you any longer. We respect you for your learning and piety, but you are a dreamy, imaginative person, who know little about human nature. We think you had better turn your hand to doctrines and give up practical affairs, leaving them to us, who understand them perfectly. If you will preach Christianity,—and we pay you for that,—pray confine yourself to its doctrines, and preach them with what freedom you will. We respect your holy calling, and have no doubt of your 'apostolical succession,' and right to bind, and to loose, and make men *believe* what you will, but let us *do* as we please. We are patient men; but when you talk about our wrong doings, and sins that we commit, we can't bear you, and we won't. Are *we* the only sinners in the world? If you will continue to tell us *our* faults and rebuke *our* sins, we will give you a bad name, and starve your wife and babies."

Now if the minister takes both horns of the dilemma, exposes the falsehood of the popular doctrines, and the sin of the popular doings, his case is very hard. "Hungry ruin has him in the wind." The "Church" and the "World" are out upon him in full pursuit. The "hue and cry" is raised. "Infidel," "Atheist," screams the Church. "Madman," "Reformer," roars the World. "Away with such a fellow from the earth, crucify him, crucify him," exclaim both. "He hath blasphemed against Moses," says the one, "and against Cæsar," says the other. "We have a law, and by our law he ought to die."

The speculative or practical reformer has a sad time of it. Public Opinion sets a bounty on compliance with the

prejudices and sins of the time ; invites men to say " Peace, peace," when there is no peace. She looks among the simple ones, and discerns some young man devoid of understanding, passing near her corner, in the twilight, or the evening, or the black and dark night. She catches him, kisses him, and with impudent face says, " I have peace-offerings with me ; this day have I paid my vows ; therefore came I forth to meet thee, diligently to seek thy face, and I have found thee. I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry, with fine linen of Egypt. I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon ; come in, let us solace ourselves with lies." With her much fair speech she causes him to yield ; with the flattery of her lips she forces him. He goes after her as an ox to the slaughter ; a fool to the stocks ; a bird to the snare, not knowing it is for his life ! She has cast down many wounded ; strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, the descent to the chambers of death.

If a man resists the allurements, " he loses his usefulness," and then comes the *doctrinal* issue of Truth *versus* the Church, or the *practical* issue of Righteousness *versus* the World, or it may be the minister litigates in both suits. The manner in which such cases are tried by *men* is very plain ; the sentence passed under the law of the Almighty he may read that runs, in the three most notorious instances of the Mosaic, the Christian, and the Protestant Reformation.

Now the " average " ministers take the average of opinions, and the average of morality for their standard of truth and duty. Their Ideal is the Ideal of the mass of men, and of course is but little above the Actual of the mass of men ; at any rate is only a little higher degree of the same thing ; the Christianity of the majority of pulpits is only the Christianity of society slightly idealized and elevated. Since then there is so little speculative or practical difference between the pulpit and the pews, quarrels between a minister and his people in general come from a want of prudence, rather than from a superabundance of wisdom or zeal on his part ; and in *such* quarrels we think the minister is almost always the party to be blamed.

Now into this general and difficult position Mr. Pierpont

of our distilleries. You say that we shall not murder the Indians, nor enslave the Negroes, though we are Christians, and they but Pagan dogs ; that we shall not tyrannize over our brother men, nor make them bear our burthens and earn our bread, though we are richer, stronger, and more cunning than they. We are good Christians, but we get our living by what you call *sin* ; we must get our living, and our way must be right, for it has always been followed 'from the beginning.' We love God,—that is our religion ; but you ask us to love men, which we can't do. We have faith, enough of that, but you ask works beside, and grace into the bargain. You hurt our feelings very much, and we can't be responsible for you any longer. We respect you for your learning and piety, but you are a dreamy, imaginative person, who know little about human nature. We think you had better turn your hand to doctrines and give up practical affairs, leaving them to us, who understand them perfectly. If you will preach Christianity,—and we pay you for that,—pray confine yourself to its doctrines, and preach them with what freedom you will. We respect your holy calling, and have no doubt of your 'apostolical succession,' and right to bind, and to loose, and make men *believe* what you will, but let us *do* as we please. We are patient men ; but when you talk about our wrong doings, and sins that we commit, we can't bear you, and we won't. Are *we* the only sinners in the world ? If you will continue to tell us *our* faults and rebuke *our* sins, we will give you a bad name, and starve your wife and babies."

Now if the minister takes both horns of the dilemma, exposes the falsehood of the popular doctrines, and the sin of the popular doings, his case is very hard. "Hungry ruin has him in the wind." The "Church" and the "World" are out upon him in full pursuit. The "hue and cry" is raised. "Infidel," "Atheist," screams the Church. "Madman," "Reformer," roars the World. "Away with such a fellow from the earth, crucify him, crucify him," exclaim both. "He hath blasphemed against Moses," says the one, "and against Cæsar," says the other. "We have a law, and by our law he ought to die."

The speculative or practical reformer has a sad time of it. Public Opinion sets a bounty on compliance with the

prejudices and sins of the time ; invites men to say "Peace, peace," when there is no peace. She looks among the simple ones, and discerns some young man devoid of understanding, passing near her corner, in the twilight, or the evening, or the black and dark night. She catches him, kisses him, and with impudent face says, "I have peace-offerings with me ; this day have I paid my vows ; therefore came I forth to meet thee, diligently to seek thy face, and I have found thee. I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry, with fine linen of Egypt. I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon ; come in, let us solace ourselves with lies." With her much fair speech she causes him to yield ; with the flattery of her lips she forces him. He goes after her as an ox to the slaughter ; a fool to the stocks ; a bird to the snare, not knowing it is for his life ! She has cast down many wounded ; strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, the descent to the chambers of death.

If a man resists the allurements, "he loses his usefulness," and then comes the *doctrinal* issue of Truth *versus* the Church, or the *practical* issue of Righteousness *versus* the World, or it may be the minister litigates in both suits. The manner in which such cases are tried by *men* is very plain ; the sentence passed under the law of the Almighty he may read that runs, in the three most notorious instances of the Mosaic, the Christian, and the Protestant Reformation.

Now the "average" ministers take the average of opinions, and the average of morality for their standard of truth and duty. Their Ideal is the Ideal of the mass of men, and of course is but little above the Actual of the mass of men ; at any rate is only a little higher degree of the same thing ; the Christianity of the majority of pulpits is only the Christianity of society slightly idealized and elevated. Since then there is so little speculative or practical difference between the pulpit and the pews, quarrels between a minister and his people in general come from a want of prudence, rather than from a superabundance of wisdom or zeal on his part ; and in *such* quarrels we think the minister is almost always the party to be blamed.

Now into this general and difficult position Mr. Pierpont



entered, as he came into the Christian ministry ; and what was a special mischief in the case, he came, as the "Result in Council" informs us, into a place where "the circumstances of his parish and the condition of things . . . were *peculiar, and such as called for a large measure and constant exhibition of that wisdom which is from above.*" Of course, then, to do justice in the premises, the general and essential difficulty of a minister's position is to be taken into the account, and the special and accidental difficulty of a position in the midst of such *peculiar* circumstances, as require a *large measure of wisdom from above.*

The circumstances of the case are unfortunately but too well known, and require no reiteration in this place. The public know of the border-war between the Pastor and the Parish. Letters were circulated through the press ; "the skirmish was long and the *foray* was hot." Then came a rumor that a "Council" was to be called. The preliminary measures began to be taken ; letters were written ; "letters missive" issued. That rumor was followed by another, that the council had come to an end. Then came a third rumor, of another council. Public expectation was aroused ; of whom should the council consist ; of men already implicated, who by their *conduct* had prejudged the case against one of the parties ; or of men not yet committed, if such men exist ? Will any council do justice in the premises, to either side ; with what *authority* will it speak ? These are questions which Time has answered, as he will many more.

But "the world was not made in a day." Men think the whole will fall through. They reckon without their host. An *ex parte* council assembled ; the parties appeared ; the question of "jurisdiction in the case" came up, and was settled ; the *ex parte* became a mutual council. After many grievous delays and hard words, on the first day of June, in the year of grace, 1841, behold the Council on its feet, ready for action, and "preceded by the Moderator," passing "into the Supreme Court Room."

The Council was surely a most respectable body. Not to mention the lay portion thereof, among the clerical members there were men of talents, of education, of up-



rightness, and of piety. Of course they had their prejudices, (as all men,) which would silently bias their judgment to the one side or the other. It is not for us to bring a charge against the Council; they acted as such men under like circumstances would act. But if the Journal of the Council is to be trusted, (and its veracity and fairness we do not question,) then we must say, there appears a disposition almost continual to throw the weight of that body against the Pastor, whenever it was possible to do so, in the trial, and to thwart and censure him, while full swing was given to any that opposed him. To cite but one case out of several, and perhaps we have not taken the worst, — though the most obvious it may be, — if any one will read the record of the meeting, on the 12th of April, 1841, (pp. 99 to 107 of the Journal,) if he is not reminded of some proceedings in the English State trials, he will at least, we think, doubt that a fair hearing is likely to be had of the case. The facts were these: the twelve churches that composed the original Council were not all represented, as one clergyman had left his parish. The Pastor complained of this, and also that he had not been consulted as to the *day* of holding the Council, while the other party had been consulted. — pp. 100, 101. It subsequently appeared, however, that no partiality was shown in the arrangement. There is nothing in the reported language of the Pastor that strikes us as offensive. But one member of that body says, “the gentleman [Mr. Pierpont] has poured out the torrent of his censure upon the Council, and was about to pour out the torrent of his sarcasm,” &c. — p. 101. The Moderator suggests to the Pastor “that the strain of his remarks must be different.” — p. 102. The Pastor says, that he will take back anything he has said that is wrong. The Moderator again; “No farther reflection upon motives can be permitted.” — p. 103. Mr. P. “Wherein have I called in question the motives of the Council?” Moderator; “It will be better to proceed to the objections,” &c. However, Mr. P. was allowed to explain himself, and at length presented other objections to the Council proceeding at that time. One member “wished to know if these were all the objections, and whether, if these were considered, others were not to be presented.” — p. 106. Another, alluding to a remark of the Scribe, says,

"The Scribe says he sees but three points. How many the Pastor of Hollis Street Church sees I do not know. I saw but one point this morning where the Scribe sees three, and if there are three seen by the Scribe, the Pastor may see twenty." Another adds, "Suppose the Pastor should say he has no other points, he may discover them before the 1st of June, and he would then have a right to present them." — p. 107. There was no rebuke from the Moderator. Facts speak for themselves.

Let us now consider the "charges" brought against the Pastor. Every body knows, that for a minister to be useful, he must be *free*, free to *think*, *speak*, and *act*, and also that the parish be free to think, speak, and act. But if both are free, a collision may come between the pews and the pulpit. The preacher may be over timid, and wise men in the pews complain of that. For example, if the minister preach a sermon on temperance, and say at the end of it, "But, my beloved brethren, I would not have you think my words apply to *you*; no, God forbid that I should suspect sin of *this sober village*." Good men will say, "He is not the man for us." Then again the minister may be unduly bold, and meddle with matters too high for him. Good men will have a right to complain. If he is impertinent, sarcastic, scornful, insolent; if he abuses his pulpit by introducing personal spleen, and vents his ill-humor in sermons on laymen by profane swearing, — and cases of this kind have happened, — all good men should exclaim against it. Explanations, or a separation must follow; but neither party would lose its freedom. "Take heed how you hear," is a good rule. But in such cases of disagreement the issue that is made ought to be the true one. It is unfair to contend with a minister for not preaching Anti-slavery and Temperance, when the fault is, that he has neither Zeal nor Grace. We should rejoice to see the time, when a perfect openness might prevail, and when not only the preacher did the abstract and concrete work above hinted at, — for the greater part of the clergy, no doubt, still aim at that, — but when the laity, if they did not find their minister a spiritual guide, should tell him plainly the facts of the case, and say, if it were so, "Sir, we can't bear you; we are hungry, you give us no meat; we are

thirsty, you give us no drink ; we are in prison of our prejudices, and sick through our sins, you do not come to us, your words don't visit us, nor comfort us. Why should we trouble one another ? The world is large and wide ; we wish you may be very useful to others, but you cannot be a Christian minister to us. You don't speak to our souls. Let us part in peace and good understanding." This would be fair to all parties ; both would know what they were about, and the "charges," like the grand juror's bill, would make a "true presentment" of the case as it was supposed to be. The active man would not be condemned as a drone, nor the drone as one over active.

Now the "grounds of complaint," alleged against the Pastor before the Council, are in substance as follows. 1. That he has neglected his *professional* duties for mere *secular* concerns. 2. That he has preached in an *unkind manner on exciting topics*, such as *ardent spirits, imprisonment for debt, and slavery*. 3. That he has *not treated his opponents well*. 4. That he has shown a *want of reverence for the Scriptures*. 5. That he has made *indelicate statements* in the pulpit. 6. That he has not been *honest*. 7. That he has not been *true*. 8. That he has *promoted quarrels*. 9. That he has *not shown a proper ministerial decorum* in the pulpit and elsewhere.

Now there come up two questions. I. Do these charges make a true presentment of the real subject on which the parties are at issue ? II. Are the charges true ?

I. To look at the first question, after a careful study of the records of the Council, we confess to a general and very strong impression, that these charges, as a whole, do not represent the subject at issue. We must, as impartial judges, agree with the confession of the Moderator, "I HAVE NOT A DOUBT THAT TEMPERANCE IS THREE QUARTERS OF ALL OUR TROUBLE." — p. 204. We confess that, if much stress was *really* laid on the other offences, we should suppose the complaint would be made at the time the offence was committed. Was such the case ? It does not appear. On the contrary, it does appear, that the offence in some cases was favored at the time by some of the very men who brought the present complaints. Mr. Pierpont has doubtless his faults ; faults as a minister, faults as a man. They are apparent in this trial. But was he really

on trial for *these faults*, or were they brought up to serve another purpose? To our mind there is no doubt of the answer which a majority of unprejudiced readers will make.

II. The next question is, are the "grounds of complaint" proven against the Pastor? Here we have not only the opinion of the Moderator, but the whole Council, in the negative. However, the decision of the Council is but a *qualified* negative. They divide the charges into three classes: — those affecting the Pastor's *moral* character, his *ministerial* character, and those *growing out of the difficulties between him and his parish*. They think the *first* "are not sustained." \* "The Council are of opinion that he cannot be so regarded, [that is, as 'wanting in purity, integrity, and moral truth,'] and ought not to be so pronounced." — p. 378.

The *second* class of charges are also dismissed by the Council as not sustained. "They think that *few clergymen could have a ministry of more than twenty years so thoroughly scanned and investigated, and not have more instances of neglect and evidence of inattention brought forward against him*. Upon this point the Council cannot but consider the investigation had before them as honorable to the Pastor." — p. 379. This decision, however, is somewhat qualified. The Council think he has not always been "wise, prudent, and discreet." "*He might have manifested more of calmness and moderation, and through them have been more useful.*" "The circumstances of his parish, and the condition of things in that quarter of the city, where his ministry was chiefly exercised, were peculiar, and such as called for a large measure and a constant exhibition of that wisdom which is from above," &c. — p. 380. "In this wisdom the Council consider the Pastor has been somewhat deficient." "It is to be considered probable also, that, if there was sometimes a want of prudence in the Pastor, there may have been on the part of some of his hearers, unconsciously, a susceptibility to offence, and thus the difficulties have arisen from faults and failings in both parties." — *Ibid.*

In respect to the *third* class of charges, the Council find

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\* See the whole remarks, pp. 375–379.

in the Pastor's conduct nothing "vindictive," nor any "intentional irreverence for the Holy Scriptures," though he has made a "use of Scripture language painful to the feelings of this Council." [1] With these exceptions, however, the Council think the charges are "in a measure sustained." — p. 381. See also pp. 382, 383.

"The Result in Council" is concluded with this resolution, "That although on such of the charges preferred against the Rev. John Pierpont, as most directly affect his moral character, the proof which has been presented has been altogether insufficient; yet on other charges such an amount of proof has been brought forward, as requires this Council to express their disapprobation of Mr. Pierpont's conduct on some occasions, and in some respects, but not sufficient, in their opinion, to furnish ground for advising a dissolution of the connexion between him and his parish." — p. 383.

This is the sum of the whole matter. With this the Council concluded their long and laborious session. We have spoken before of the pure and high moral character of individuals of that body. It is not for us to inquire what were the motives that weighed with them; not for us to ask how far prejudice or spleen choked the course of justice on the one hand, or how far a deference to public opinion, and a diplomatic fear of the popular sympathy, setting strongly in the Pastor's favor, prevented a full expression of the censure which is insinuated rather than roundly delivered. We know there was a time when ecclesiastical councils governed public opinion. "We have changed all that." Does public opinion govern ecclesiastical councils? We know not. At the time the Council, "preceded by the Moderator," first passed into the Supreme Court Room," we heard grave men, and pious men say, "A just judgment is not to be looked for from that body; if they let him off with no censure, they condemn themselves, for God knows they have not undertaken his work. We honor and love the men, but hope no justice from them in this case." Another said, "The Council is a farce. The Boston ministers, instead of trying Mr. Pierpont, ought themselves to be brought before a council for *not* having done in a good spirit, what he is accused of



*doing* in a bad one." To our mind there was no little truth in both sayings. We question no man's motive in the matter, but we take it no plain man, who reads the volume before us, will doubt which way the prejudice of the Council tended, or what would have been the decision of at least some of its members, if public opinion, the despot of the vulgar, had not so plainly favored Mr. Pierpont. In every single case, as we understand it, the weight of the Council was thrown against him; offences were sought committed months after the charges were first brought; he was rebuked for a trifle at the very least, and his opponents—members of the Council—allowed to insult him with no reproof.\* Facts tell their own story. It is admitted by the Council that the wrong is on both sides; but how daintily is the complaining party rebuked! In the case of the litigation, was all the "vindictive" spirit on one side? Let the candid reader decide.

What then? Is the Pastor justifiable in all things? We think not. There is something that we must censure, several things we cannot understand; sometimes he pursues, as we think, an oblique course, when a straight one would better compass the end; he allows himself an indignant eloquence, which were better let alone; he gives blow for blow, and scorn for scorn; he does not speak gently. He rebukes sin more strongly than beautifully; we would try him by no vulgar measure, but by the absolute standard of Ideal goodness. As a minister and as a man he does not come up to the measure. It may be said, "His provocation was great." Nothing more true; but what then? The courage that will not stand fire is no courage for us; the Christian virtue which is not superior to ALL temptation is no Christian virtue to our taste. For such departure from the true spirit and the true method let him be censured.

But are we speaking of angels? Let us see how other men of flesh and blood have done under similar circumstances. The Prophet Jeremiah is a man held in some estimation by the Christian Church; but when men said,

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\* See p. 99-107.



"come let us devise devices against Jeremiah," what did that prophet return for answer? "Give heed to me, Oh Lord, and hearken to the voice of them that contend with me. Deliver up their children to the famine, and pour out their blood by the force of the sword, and let their wives be bereaved of their children, and be widows; and let their men be put to death. . . . Forgive not their iniquity, neither blot out their sin from thy sight, but let them be overthrown before thee."\* But that Prophet was a *Jew*; let us now hear how a Christian minister, an "inspired" man, the very chiefest apostle, speaks in the New Testament. The magistrate commands the bystanders to smite Paul on the mouth. What says the Apostle? "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall," &c.† That was the way *flesh and blood* treated its opponents in the days of the Bible.

To take another case. There were *peculiar circumstances* in the early days of the Christian church, and "a liberal measure" of divine wisdom *was* needed; but what says "a servant of God and the Lord Jesus" to men that committed a sin? "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted and your garments are moth-eaten. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days! Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of those which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts as in the day of slaughter. Ye have condemned and killed the just, and he doth not resist you."‡ Let the "Pastor of Hollis street Church" be condemned, if need is, for foulness of speech, but let it be remembered, how far the charge goes, and on what other names it shall rest. We would not excuse him, because Jewish and Christian Reformers sinned with their lips in the same way. Let the camp of Reformers be pure as the holy of holies; let no selfishness, nor violence, nor vengeance be found in it, "to make the camp of Israel a curse." Are Reformers warring on sin? Then let their hands be clean; let there be none of the "accurs-

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\* Jeremiah xviii. 17, sqq.

† Acts xxiii. 3.

‡ James v. 1, sqq.

ed thing" found in their tents. Is their cause glorious? Then the purer should be their hearts, and the holier their weapons. In the pirates' battle for gold we look for false weapons and foul play; not in the saints' battle for the souls of mankind. We expect dirt on a butcher's frock; not on the wing of the Angel, who comes down to trouble the pool of Bethesda, and make its waters healing to the impotent folk that lie in its gates.

But to speak humanly, there is no little palliation for the Pastor. Let him be weighed in an even balance; his heroic virtues be matched with his faults. He has then nothing to fear. Honor to that man, who in an age of selfishness and sin lifts up a manly voice, and cries out against the actual crimes and oppressions of his own time, his own neighborhood, till the ears of sin tingle. There is a time when few lift up the hand against vice, because sin is popular. How warily some "Temperance men" came up to beat the bush, years ago; how fearful were they of hurting the feelings of men that drank Rum, sold Rum, made Rum! They were prudent men, and it was then doubtful how the issue would terminate! Now, when the victory is won, these men do the chief part of the shouting, and almost the whole of the denunciation, and, as we believe, are driving the temperance *party* to madness and ruin. Wine is the only Devil, and wine-drinkers the only demoniacs with them! Oh the shortness of human memories! The coward forgets where he was when blows were to be got.

Mr. Pierpont came forward as a Reformer, a rare character in the Pulpit, at a time when there were no honors to be won, no victory to be rejoiced in. The "peculiar circumstances" of his parish were Rum-selling, Rum-making, Rum-drinking. The head and front of his offending, we honestly believe, is this, the crime of preaching against the actual sins of his own parish. An exciting topic, no doubt; it requires much of "the wisdom that cometh from above" to do the work well. He preached, as Paul at Ephesus, *against the Idolatry of the place he was in*; and with a similar result. "Moreover ye see and hear," said the opponents of the Apostle, "that this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no Gods which are made with hands, so that not only this our craft

is in danger to be set at nought, but also that the temple of the great goddess . . . be despised." We do not place the opponents of Mr. Pierpont among idolaters. Some of them are men whose personal character is noble, beautiful, Christian ; can we say more ? We would go far to honor such men, and would repel any assault upon the general righteousness of their motives. But good men are sometimes deceived, wise men see not all things, it is difficult for most men to see anything wrong, in a calling which is sanctioned by the laws of the land, and which, more than all, brings money to their pocket. Certainly, a *reasonable* allowance is to be made in such instances.

Let the case of the Pastor be examined ever so minutely, by eyes howsoever partial, and it is only a few details that can be censured ; the main parts of his course, when tried by the standard of Christianity, must be commended. The World and the Church have prowled about his parish ; have hunted with hungry maw, through and through a ministry of twenty years' continuance ; nothing was too little to escape their scrutiny ; nothing too great for their assault ; nothing too private for their examination. Yet after all, what have they started and run down ? There has been a great beating of the bush ; baying and shouting enough, for a Persian hunting in the days of Cyrus ; but they who have made this cry and ado find but little game at the last. After all the "investigation," notwithstanding the Pastor was in fact tried for offences committed after the indictment was made out and presented ; spite of the diligence displayed in searching for sins of omission and commission, the World and the Church have scraped together but a small amount of filth ; enough to soil their own hands, not to bespatter the reputation of him at whom it has been thrown. Well says an ancient, "Gold shall be tried in the fire, but acceptable men in the furnace of adversity !" Both come out of the trial purer than before.

But we must bring our desultory remarks to a close, though we have still much to say. What judgment will an impartial man pronounce on the "Result in Council ;" what on the conduct of the *clerical* portion of that Council, who, we are told, with but a few honorable exceptions, decline extending ministerial fellowship to the Pastor, as formerly ? The thing speaks for itself, and needs no declamation of

ours. But there was a time when ecclesiastical councils ruled public opinion. When giants made the law and applied it, few dared complain, and they got their bones broken for their pains. Now the case is different. Public opinion, though often an unclean beast, is mightier than the breath of an ecclesiastical council. Had the state of things been different, had public opinion lifted up its seven heads and ten horns *against* the Pastor, and not in his favor, we should have expected a very different "Result in Council." We cannot but fancy the latent venom of that most extraordinary paper would have been obvious and not to be mistaken. As a piece of diplomacy, — designed to serve many ends, — it strikes us as worthy of a college of Jesuits. Higher praise in the diplomatic line it were difficult to win. The whole thing reminds us powerfully of an old story, which we are sorry to be the first to record. But the story tells, that it came to pass in the latter days, when Kilsol was High Priest, and the candlestick of the Lord flourished in its place, that the sons of the chosen people waxed valiant, and the children of Levi (to his name be praise) began to prevail in the land of Bagdat, where the seed of the dispersion were gathered together. But iniquity did abound through the pride of heart that was in the sons of Belial, not fearing the Lord. The Priests were busy with the sacrifice; the Scribes with the law; the Pharisees were enlarging the borders of their garments. These had no time to take heed to the sins of the people. Then arose Zadok and began to prophecy. The spirit of the Lord came upon him. He opened his mouth and rebuked the men of Belial, who eat the wages of iniquity. He lifted the veil from the Scribes and Pharisees. He spared not the sellers of purple and fine linen, those that sold and bought in the temple. Yea, he smote them hip and thigh. The people said, "This is Elias come back from the sky; the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof; blessed be Zadok, a prophet in the latter days; the God of Abram shall fight for him," for the people heard him gladly.

Then gathered together the council, even the great Sanhedrim, to consider what must be done. There were assembled the Rabbis from the east and the west, from the isles of the south and the tents of Gog el Rush.

They sat in the hall of council which is in the ward of the Weavers. They brought diverse charges against Zadok. They said, "He hath a devil, and is mad; he hath spoken lies against such as buy and sell; he hath stirred up the elders on the Sabbath days, and exhorted the young men in the time of the new moons; he hath been wroth in holy places, and we cannot bear him." The Scribes swore by their beard that they would cut him off. But the witnesses, who witnessed against him, agreed not in their speech, but were confounded. Then the elders were troubled, and said, "God do so and more unto us, if we do not overturn him; for if he be suffered to live we be all dead men." Four days they sat in silence, with their beards divided. At last the daughter of the voice came upon Rabbi Kozeb the Beth Din, and he spake with his mouth, "Alas, woe hath come upon the seed of Abraham because of this Zadok. If we condemn him not, —and God forbid that we let him escape, —then the people will condemn us, because we prophecy not as Zadok, but say, 'Peace, when there is no peace,' and we shall be undone. If we condemn him without witnesses against him, we fear the people, for they count him a prophet, and son of God, albeit they repent of his violence. Go to now, let us speak him fairly with our tongues, but with our actions let us cut him to the soul. Let us insinuate evil in good words; thus shall we overthrow him, and get favor with the people, and become men of renown." Some said, "Nay, for then innocent blood shall be upon our hands." But the saying of Rabbi Kozeb pleased the council, and they said, "It is the voice of a God, not of a man. Let him live forever, and let his posterity be like the sons and nephews of Abdon, the son of Hillel." And they followed his saying until this day.

*Thurston Parker.*

## THE MOON.

*Time wears her not ; she doth his chariot guide ;  
Mortality below her orb is placed.*

RALEIGH.

THE full-orbed moon with unchanged ray  
Mounts up the eastern sky,  
Not doomed to these short nights for aye,  
But shining steadily.

She does not wane, but my fortune,  
Which her rays do not bless,  
My wayward path declineth soon,  
But she shines not the less.

And if she faintly glimmers here,  
And paled is her light,  
Yet always in her proper sphere  
She's mistress of the night.

MS. T. L. L. L.

## TO THE MAIDEN IN THE EAST.

Low in the eastern sky  
Is set thy glancing eye ;  
And though its gracious light  
Ne'er riseth to my sight,  
Yet every star that climbs  
Behind the gnarled limbs  
Of yonder hill,  
Conveys thy gentle will.

Believe I knew thy thought,  
And that the zephyrs brought  
Thy kindest wishes through,  
As mine they bear to you,  
That some attentive cloud  
Did pause amid the crowd  
Over my head,  
While gentle things were said.



Believe the thrushes sung,  
And that the flower bells rung,  
That herbs exhaled their scent,  
And beasts knew what was meant,  
The trees a welcome waved,  
And lakes their margins laved,  
    When thy free mind  
To my retreat did wind.

It was a summer eve,  
The air did gently heave,  
While yet a low-hung cloud  
Thy eastern skies did shroud ;  
The lightning's silent gleam  
Startling my drowsy dream,  
    Seemed like the flash  
Under thy dark eyelash.

From yonder comes the sun,  
But soon his course is run,  
Rising to trivial day  
Along his dusty way,  
But thy noontide completes  
Only auroral heats,  
    Nor ever sets,  
To hasten vain regrets.

Direct thy pensive eye  
Into the western sky ;  
And when the evening star  
Doth glimmer from afar  
Upon the mountain line,  
Accept it for a sign  
    That I am near,  
And thinking of thee here.

I'll be thy Mercury,  
Thou Cytherea to me,  
Distinguished by thy face  
The earth shall learn my place ;

As near beneath thy light  
Will I outwear the night,  
With mingled ray  
Leading the westward way.

Still will I strive to be  
As if thou wert with me ;  
Whatever path I take,  
It shall be for thy sake  
Of gentle slope and wide,  
As thou wert by my side,  
Without a root  
To trip thy slender foot.

I'll walk with gentle pace,  
And choose the smoothest place,  
And careful dip the oar,  
And shun the winding shore,  
And gently steer my boat  
Where water lilies float,  
And cardinal flowers  
Stand in their sylvan bowers.

*H.D. Thoman*

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#### THE SUMMER RAIN.

My books I'd fain cast off, I cannot read,  
'Twixt every page my thoughts go stray at large  
Down in the meadow, where is richer feed,  
And will not mind to hit their proper targe.

Plutarch was good, and so was Homer too,  
Our Shakspeare's life was rich to live again,  
What Plutarch read that was not good nor true,  
Nor Shakspeare's books, unless his books were men.

Here while I lie beneath this walnut bough,  
What care I for the Greeks, or for Troy town,  
If greater battles are enacted now  
Between the ants upon this hummock's crown.

Bid Homer wait till I the issue learn,  
 If red or black the gods will favor most,  
 Or yonder Ajax will the phalanx turn,  
 Struggling to heave some rock against the host.

Tell Shakspeare to attend some leisure hour,  
 For now I've business with this drop of dew,  
 And see you not, the clouds prepare a shower, —  
 I'll meet him shortly when the sky is blue.

This bed of herdsgrass and wild oats was spread  
 Last year with nicer skill than monarchs use,  
 A clover tuft is pillow for my head,  
 And violets quite overtop my shoes.

And now the cordial clouds have shut all in,  
 And gently swells the wind to say all's well,  
 The scattered drops are falling fast and thin,  
 Some in the pond, some in the lily bell.

Drip, drip the trees for all the country round,  
 And richness rare distils from every bough,  
 The wind alone it is makes every sound,  
 Shaking down crystals on the leaves below.

For shame the sun will never show himself,  
 Who could not with his beams e'er melt me so,  
 My dripping locks — they would become an elf  
 Who in a beaded coat does gaily go.

*T. P. H. an.*

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### THE ARTIST.

He breathed the air of realms enchanted,  
 He bathed in seas of dreamy light,  
 And seeds within his soul were planted  
 That bore us flowers for use too bright,  
 Unless it were to stay some spirit's viewless flight.

With us he lived a common life,  
And wore a plain familiar name,  
And meekly dared the vulgar strife  
That to inferior spirits came,  
Yet bore a pulse within, the world could never tame.

A sky more soft than Italy's  
A halcyon light around him spread ;  
And tones were his, and only his,  
So sweetly floating o'er his head, —  
None knew at what rich feast the favored guest was fed.

They could not guess or reason why  
He chose the ways of poverty ;  
They read no secret in his eye,  
But scorned the holy mystery,  
That brooded o'er his thoughts and gave him power to see.

But all unveiled the world of sense  
An inner meaning had for him ;  
And Beauty loved in innocence,  
Not sought in passion or in whim,  
Within a soul so pure could ne'er grow dull or dim.

And in this vision did he toil,  
And in this Beauty lived and died ;  
And think not that he left our soil  
By no fruit-offerings sanctified :  
In olden times he might have been his country's pride :

And yet may be — though he hath gone ;  
For spirits of so fine a mould  
Lose not the glory they have won ;  
Their memory turns not pale and cold ;  
While Love lives on, the lovely never can grow old.

C. P. C. *arch*

## ENGLISH REFORMERS.

WHILST Mr. Sparks visits England to explore the manuscripts of the Colonial Office, and Dr. Waagen on a mission of Art, Mr. Alcott, whose genius and efforts in the great art of Education have been more appreciated in England than in America, has now been spending some months in that country, with the aim to confer with the most eminent Educators and philanthropists, in the hope to exchange intelligence, and import into this country whatever hints have been struck out there, on the subject of literature and the First Philosophy. The design was worthy, and its first results have already reached us. Mr. Alcott was received with great cordiality of joy and respect by his friends in London, and presently found himself domesticated at an institution, managed on his own methods and called after his name, the School of Mr. Wright at Alcott House, Ham, Surrey. He was introduced to many men of literary and philanthropic distinction, and his arrival was made the occasion of meetings for public conversation on the great ethical questions of the day.

Mr. Alcott's mission, beside making us acquainted with the character and labors of some excellent persons, has loaded our table with a pile of English books, pamphlets, periodicals, flying prospectuses, and advertisements, proceeding from a class very little known in this country, and on many accounts important, the party, namely, who represent Social Reform. Here are Educational Circulars, and Communist Apostles; Alists; Plans for Syncretic Associations, and Pestalozzian Societies, Self-supporting Institutions, Experimental Normal Schools, Hydropathic and Philosophical Associations, Health Unions and Phalansterian Gazettes, Paradises within the reach of all men, Appeals of Man to Woman, and Necessities of Internal Marriage illustrated by Phrenological Diagrams. These papers have many sins to answer for. There is an abundance of superficialness, of pedantry, of inflation, and of want of thought. It seems as if these sanguine schemers rushed to the press with every notion that danced before their brain, and clothed it in the most clumsily compounded and terminated words, for want of time to find the right one. But although

these men sometimes use a swollen and vicious diction, yet they write to ends which raise them out of the jurisdiction of ordinary criticism. They speak to the conscience, and have that superiority over the crowd of their contemporaries, which belongs to men who entertain a good hope. Moreover, these pamphlets may well engage the attention of the politician, as straws of no mean significance to show the tendencies of the time.

Mr. Alcott's visit has brought us nearer to a class of Englishmen, with whom we had already some slight but friendly correspondence, who possess points of so much attraction for us, that we shall proceed to give a short account both of what we already knew, and what we have lately learned, concerning them. The central figure in the group is a very remarkable person, who for many years, though living in great retirement, has made himself felt by many of the best and ablest men in England and in Europe, we mean James Pierrepont Greaves, who died at Alcott-House in the month of March of this year. Mr. Greaves was formerly a wealthy merchant in the city of London, but was deprived of his property by French spoliations in Napoleon's time. Quitting business, he travelled and resided for some time in Germany. His leisure was given to books of the deepest character; and in Switzerland he found a brother in Pestalozzi. With him he remained ten years, living abstemiously, almost on biscuit and water; and though they never learned each the other's language, their daily intercourse appears to have been of the deepest and happiest kind. Mr. Greaves there made himself useful in a variety of ways. Pestalozzi declared that Mr. Greaves understood his aim and methods better than any other observer. And he there became acquainted with some eminent persons. Mr. Greaves on his return to England introduced as much as he could of the method and life, whose beautiful and successful operations he had witnessed; and although almost all that he did was misunderstood, or dragged downwards, he has been a chief instrument in the regeneration in the British schools. For a single and unknown individual his influence has been extensive. He set on foot Infant Schools, and was for many years Secretary to the Infant School Society, which office brought him in contact with many parties, and he has con-



nected himself with almost every effort for human emancipation. In this work he was engaged up to the time of his death. His long and active career developed his own faculties and powers in a wonderful manner. At his house, No. 49 Burton Street, London, he was surrounded by men of open and accomplished minds, and his doors were thrown open weekly for meetings for the discussion of universal subjects. In the last years he has resided at Cheltenham, and visited Stockport for the sake of acquainting himself with the Socialists and their methods.

His active and happy career continued nearly to the seventieth year, with heart and head unimpaired and undaunted, his eyes and other faculties sound, except his lower limbs, which suffered from his sedentary occupation of writing. For nearly thirty-six years he abstained from all fermented drinks, and all animal food. In the last years he dieted almost wholly on fruit. The private correspondent, from whose account, written two years ago, we have derived our sketch, proceeds in these words. "Through evil reports, revilings, seductions, and temptations many and severe, the Spirit has not let him go, but has strongly and securely held him, in a manner not often witnessed. New consciousness opens to him every day. His literary abilities would not be by critics entitled to praise, nor does he speak with what is called eloquence; but as he is so much the 'lived word,' I have described, there is found a potency in all he writes and all he says, which belongs not to beings less devoted to the Spirit. Supplies of money have come to him as fast, or nearly as fast as required, and at all events his serenity was never disturbed on this account, unless when it has happened that, having more than his expenses required, he has volunteered extraneous expenditures. He has been, I consider, a great apostle of the Newness to many, even when neither he nor they knew very clearly what was going forward. Thus inwardly married, he has remained outwardly a bachelor."

Mr. Greaves is described to us by another correspondent as being "the soul of his circle, a prophet of whom the world heard nothing, but who has quickened much of the thought now current in the most intellectual circles of the kingdom. He was acquainted with every man of deep character in England, and many both in Germany and

Switzerland; and Strauss, the author of the 'Life of Christ,' was a pupil of Mr. Greaves, when he held conversations in one of the Colleges of Germany, after leaving Pestalozzi. A most remarkable man; nobody remained the same after leaving him. He was the prophet of the deepest affirmative truths, and no man ever sounded his depths. The best of the thought in the London Monthly Magazine was the transcript of his Idea. He read and wrote much, chiefly in the manner of Coleridge, with pen in hand, in the form of notes on the text of his author. But, like Boehmen and Swedenborg, neither his thoughts nor his writings were for the popular mind. His favorites were the chosen illuminated minds of all time, and with them he was familiar. His library is the most select and rare which I have seen, including most of the books which we have sought with so ill success on our side of the water."\*

His favorite dogma was the superiority of Being to all knowing and doing. Association on a high basis was his ideal for the present conjuncture. "I hear every one crying out for association," said he; "I join in the cry; but then I say, associate first with the Spirit, — educate for this spirit-association, and far more will follow than we have as yet any idea of. Nothing good can be done without association; but then we must associate with goodness; and this goodness is the spirit-nature, without which all our societarian efforts will be turned to corruption. Education has hitherto been all outward; it must now be inward. The educator must keep in view that which elevates man, and not the visible exterior world." We have the promise

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\* The following notice of Mr. Greaves occurs in Mr. Morgan's "Hampten in the Nineteenth Century." "The gentleman whom he met at the school was Mr. J. P. Greaves, at that time Honorary Secretary to the Infant School Society, and a most active and disinterested promoter of the system. He had resided for three (?) years with Pestalozzi, who set greater value upon right feelings and rectitude of conduct, than upon the acquisition of languages. A collection of highly interesting letters, addressed to this gentleman by Pestalozzi on the subject of education, has been published. Among the numerous advocates for various improvements, there was not one who exceeded him in personal sacrifices to what he esteemed a duty. At the same time he had some peculiar opinions, resembling the German mystical and metaphysical speculations, hard to be understood, and to which few in general are willing to listen, and still fewer to subscribe; but his sincerity, and the kindness of his disposition always secured for him a patient hearing." — Vol. II. p. 22.

of some extracts from the writings of this great man, which we hope shortly to offer to the readers of this Journal. His friend, Mr. Lane, is engaged in arranging and editing his manuscript remains.

Mr. Heraud, a poet and journalist, chiefly known in this country as the editor for two years of the (London) Monthly Magazine, a disciple, in earlier years, of Coleridge, and by nature and taste contemplative and inclined to a mystical philosophy, was a friend and associate of Mr. Greaves; and for the last years has been more conspicuous than any other writer in that connexion of opinion. The Monthly Magazine, during his editorship, really was conducted in a bolder and more creative spirit than any other British Journal; and though papers on the highest transcendental themes were found in odd vicinity with the lowest class of flash and so-called comic tales, yet a necessity, we suppose, of British taste made these strange bed-fellows acquainted, and Mr. Heraud had done what he could. His papers called "Foreign Aids to Self Intelligence," were of signal merit, especially the papers on Boehmen and Swedenborg. The last is, we think, the very first adequate attempt to do justice to this mystic, by an analysis of his total works; and, though avowedly imperfect, is, as far as it goes, a faithful piece of criticism. We hope that Mr. Heraud, who announces a work in three volumes, called "Foreign Aids to Self Intelligence, designed for an Historical Introduction to the Study of Ontological Science, preparatory to a Critique of Pure Being," as now in preparation for the press, and of which, we understand, the Essays in the Monthly Magazine were a part, will be enabled to fulfil his design. Mr. Heraud is described by his friends as the most amiable of men, and a fluent and popular lecturer on the affirmative philosophy. He has recently intimated a wish to cross the Atlantic, and read in Boston a course of six lectures on the subject of *Christianism as distinct from Christianity*.

One of the best contributors to Mr. Heraud's Magazine was Mr. J. Westland Marston. The papers marked with his initials are the most eloquent in the book. We have greatly regretted their discontinuance, and have hailed him again in his new appearance as a dramatic author. Mr. Marston is a writer of singular purity of taste, with a heart very open to the moral impulses, and in his settled convic-

tion, like all persons of a high poetic nature, the friend of a universal reform, beginning in education. His thought on that subject is, that "it is only by teachers becoming men of genius, that a nobler position can be secured to them." At the same time he seems to share that disgust, which men of fine taste so quickly entertain in regard to the language and methods of that class with which their theory throws them into correspondence, and to be continually attracted through his taste to the manners and persons of the aristocracy, whose selfishness and frivolity displease and repel him again. Mr. Marston has lately written a Tragedy, called "*The Patrician's Daughter*," which we have read with great pleasure, barring always the fatal prescription, which in England seems to mislead every fine poet to attempt the drama. It must be the reading of tragedies that fills them with this superstition for the buskin and the pall, and not a sympathy with existing nature and the spirit of the age. *The Patrician's Daughter* is modern in its plot and characters; perfectly simple in its style; the dialogue is full of spirit, and the story extremely well told. We confess, as we drew out this bright pamphlet from amid the heap of crude declamation on Marriage and Education, on Dietetics and Hydropathy, on Chartism and Socialism, grim tracts on flesh-eating and dram-drinking, we felt the glad refreshment of its sense and melody, and thanked the fine office which speaks to the imagination, and paints with electric pencil a new form, — new forms on the lurid cloud. Although the vengeance of Mordaunt strikes us as overstrained, yet his character, and the growth of his fortunes is very natural, and is familiar to English experience, in the Thurlows, Burkes, Foxes, and Cannings. *The Lady Mabel* is finely drawn. Pity that the catastrophe should be wrought by the deliberate lie of Lady Lydia; for beside that lovers, as they of all men speak the most direct speech, easily pierce the cobwebs of fraud, it is a weak way of making a play, to hinge the crisis on a lie, instead of letting it grow, as in life, out of the faults and conditions of the parties, as, for example, in Goethe's *Tasso*. On all accounts but one, namely, the lapse of five years between two acts, the play seems to be eminently fit for representation. Mr. Marston is also the author of two tracts on Poetry and Poetic Culture.

Another member of this circle is Francis Barham, the dramatic poet, author of "The Death of Socrates," a tragedy, and other pieces ; also a contributor to the Monthly Magazine. To this gentleman we are under special obligations, as he has sent us, with other pamphlets, a manuscript paper "On American Literature," written with such flowing good will, and with an aim so high, that we must submit some portion of it to our readers.

Intensely sympathizing, as I have ever done, with the great community of truth-seekers, I glory in the rapid progress of that Alistic,\* or divine literature, which they develop and cultivate. To me this Alistic literature is so catholic and universal, that it has spread its energies and influences through every age and nation, in brighter or obscurer manifestations. It forms the intellectual patrimony of the universe, delivered down from kindling sire to kindling son, through all nations, peoples, and languages. Like the God from whom it springs, on whom it lives, and to whom it returns, this divine literature is ever young, ever old, ever present, ever remote. Like heaven's own sunshine, it adorns all it touches, and it touches all. It is a perfect cosmopolite in essence and in action ; it has nothing local or liminary in its nature ; it participates the character of the soul from which it emanated. It subsists whole in itself, it is its own place, its own time, nor seeks abroad the life it grants at home ; aye, it is an eternal now, an eternal present, at once beginning, middle, and end of every past and every future.

\* In explanation of this term, we quote a few sentences from a printed prospectus issued by Mr. Barham. "*The Alist ; a Monthly Magazine of Divinity and Universal Literature.* I have adopted the title of 'the Alist, or Divine,' for this periodical, because the extension of Divinity and divine truth is its main object. It appears to me, that by a firm adherence to the *to érior*, or divine principle of things, a Magazine may assume a specific character, far more elevated, catholic, and attractive, than the majority of periodicals attain. This Magazine is therefore specially written for those persons who may, without impropriety, be termed Alists, or Divines ; those who endeavor to develop Divinity as the grand primary essence of all existence,—the element which forms the all in all,—the element in which we live, and move, and have our being. Such Alists, (deriving their name from Alah—the Hebrew title of God,) are Divines in the highest sense of the word ; for they cultivate Alism, or the Divinity of Divinities, as exhibited in all Scripture and nature, and they extend religious and philanthropical influences through all churches, states, and systems of education. This doctrine of Alism, or the life of God in the soul of man, affords the only prothetic point of union, sufficiently intense and authoritative to unite men in absolute catholicity. In proportion as they cultivate one and the same God in their minds, will their minds necessarily unite and harmonize ; but without this is done, permanent harmony is impossible."



It is, I conceive, salutary for us to take this enlarged view of literature. We should seek after literary perfection in this cosmopolite spirit, and embrace it wherever we find it, as a divine gift; for, in the words of Pope,

"both precepts and example tell  
That nature's masterpiece is writing well."

So was it with the august and prophetic Milton. To him literature was a universal presence. He regarded it as the common delight and glory of gods and men. He felt that its *moral beauty* lived and flourished in the large heart of humanity itself, and could never be monopolized by times or places. Most deeply do I think and feel with Milton, when he utters the following words. "What God may have determined for me, I know not; but this I know, that if ever he instilled an intense love of moral beauty into the breast of any man, he has instilled it into mine. Hence wherever I find a man despising the false estimates of the vulgar, and daring to aspire in sentiment and language and conduct to what the highest wisdom through every age has taught us, as most excellent, to him I unite myself by a kind of necessary attachment. And if I am so influenced by nature, or destiny, that by no exertions or labors of my own I may exalt myself to this summit of worth and honor, yet no power in heaven or earth will hinder me from looking with reverence and affection upon those, who have thoroughly attained this glory, or appeared engaged in the successful pursuit of it."

Mr. Barham proceeds to apply this sentiment as analogous to his own sentiment, in respect to the literatures of other nations, but specially to that of America.

The unity of language unites the literature of Britain and America, in an essential and imperishable marriage, which no Atlantic Ocean can divide. Yes; I as an Englishman say this, and maintain it. United in language, in literature, in interest, and in blood, I regard the English in England and the English in America as one and the same people, the same magnificent brotherhood. The fact is owned in the common names by which they are noted; John and Jonathan, Angles and Yankees, all reëcho the fact.

Mr. Barham proceeds to exhibit the manifold reasons that enjoin union on the two countries, deprecates the divisions that have sometimes suspended the peace, and continues;



Let us rather maintain the generous policy of Milton, and with full acclamation of concord recite his inspiring words ;

"Go on both hand in hand, O nations, never to be disunited. Be the praise and the heroic song of all posterity. Merit this, but seek only virtue, not the extension of your limits. For what needs to win a fading triumphal laurel out of the tears of wretched men, but to settle the true worship of God and justice in the commonwealth. Then shall the hardest difficulties smooth themselves out before you, envy shall sink to hell, and craft and malice shall be confounded, whether it be homebred mischief or outlandish cunning. Yea, other nations will then covet to serve you ; for lordship and victory are but the pages of justice and virtue. Commit securely to true wisdom the vanquishing and uncaging of craft and subtlety, which are but her two runagates. Join your invincible might to do worthy and godlike deeds, and then he that seeks to break your union, a cleaving curse be his inheritance throughout all generations."

Mr. Barham then proceeds to express his conviction, that the specific character, which the literature of these countries should aim at, is the Alistic or Divine. It is only by an aim so high, that an author can reach any excellence.

"He builds too low who builds beneath the skies."

But our limits forbid any more extracts from this friendly manuscript at present.

Another eminent member of this circle is Mr. Charles Lane, for many years manager of the London Mercantile Price Current ; a man of a fine intellectual nature, inspired and hallowed by a profounder faith. Mr. Lane is the author of some pieces marked with his initials, in the Monthly Magazine, and of some remarkable tracts. Those which we have seen are, "The Old, the New-Old, and the New;" "Tone in Speech;" some papers in a Journal of Health; and last and best, a piece called "The Third Dispensation," prefixed by way of preface to an English translation of Mme. Gatti de Gamond's "Phalansterian," a French book of the Fourier School. In this Essay Mr. Lane considers that History has exhibited two dispensations, namely, *first*, the Family Union, or connexion by tribes, which soon appeared to be a disunion or a dispersive

principle; *second*, the National Union. Both these, though better than the barbarism which they displaced, are themselves barbarism, in contrast with the *third*, or Universal Union.

"As man is the uniter in all arrangements which stand *below* him, and in which the objects could not unite themselves, so man needs a uniter *above* him, to whom he submits, in the certain incapability of self-union. This uniter, unity, or One, is the premonitor whence exists the premonition Unity, which so recurrently becomes conscious in man. By a neglect of interior submission, man fails of this antecedent, Unity; and as a consequence his attempts at union by exterior mastery have no success." Certain conditions are necessary to this, namely, the external arrangements indispensable *for* the evolution of the Uniting Spirit can alone be provided *by* the Uniting Spirit.

"We seem to be in an endless circle, of which both halves have lost their centre connexion; for it is an operation no less difficult than the junction of two such discs that is requisite to unity. These segments also being in motion, each upon a false centre of its own, the obstacles to union are incalculably multiplied.

"The spiritual or theoretic world in man revolves upon one set of principles, and the practical or actual world upon another. In ideality man recognises the purest truths, the highest notions of justice; — in actuality he departs from all these, and his entire career is confessedly a life of self-falseness and clever injustice. This barren ideality, and this actuality replete with bitter fruits, are the two hemispheres to be united for their mutual completion, and their common central point is the reality antecedent to them both. This point is not to be discovered by the rubbing of these two half globes together, by their curved sides, nor even as a school boy would attempt to unite his severed marble by the flat sides. The circle must be drawn anew from reality as a central point, the new radius embracing equally the new ideality and the new actuality.

"With this newness of love in men there would resplendently shine forth in them a newness of light, and a newness of life, charming the steadiest beholder." — *Introduction*, p. 4.

The remedy, which Mr. Lane proposes for the existing evils, is his "True Harmonic Association." But he more justly confides in "ceasing from doing" than in exhausting ef-

forts at inadequate remedies. "From medicine to medicine is a change from disease to disease; and man must cease from self-activity, ere the spirit can fill him with truth in mind or health in body. The Civilization is become intensely false, and thrusts the human being into false predicaments. The antagonism of business to all that is high and good and generic is hourly declared by the successful, as well as by the failing. The mercantile system, based on individual aggrandizement, draws men from unity; its swelling columns of figures describe, in pounds, shillings, and pence, the degrees of man's departure from love, from wisdom, from power. The idle are as unhappy as the busy. Whether the dread factory-bell, or the fox-hunter's horn calls to a pursuit more fatal to man's best interests, is an inquiry which appears more likely to terminate in the cessation of both, than in a preference of either."

Mr. Lane does not confound society with sociableness. "On the contrary, it is when the sympathy with man is the stronger and the truer, that the sympathy with men grows weaker, and the sympathy with their actions weakest."

We must content ourselves with these few sentences from Mr. Lane's book, but we shall shortly hear from him again. This is no man of letters, but a man of ideas. Deep opens below deep in his thought, and for the solution of each new problem he recurs, with new success, to the highest truth, to that which is most generous, most simple, and most powerful; to that which cannot be comprehended, or overseen, or exhausted. His words come to us like the voices of home out of a far country.

With Mr. Lane is associated in the editorship of a monthly tract, called "The Healthian," and in other kindred enterprises, Mr. Henry G. Wright, who is the teacher of the School at Ham Common, near Richmond, and the author of several tracts on moral and social topics.

This school is founded on a faith in the presence of the Divine Spirit in man. The teachers say, "that in their first experiments they found they had to deal with a higher nature than the mere mechanical. They found themselves in contact with an essence indefinitely delicate. The great difficulty with relation to the children, with which they were first called to wrestle, was an unwillingness to

admit access to their spiritual natures. The teachers felt this keenly. They sought for the cause. They found it in their own hearts. Pure spirit would not, could not hold communion with their corrupted modes. These must be surrendered, and love substituted in lieu of them. The experience was soon made that the primal duty of the educator is entire self-surrender to love. Not partial, not of the individual, but pure, unlimited, universal. It is impossible to speak to natures deeper than those from which you speak. Reason cries to Reason, Love to Love. Hence the personal elevation of the teacher is of supreme importance." Mr. Alcott, who may easily be a little partial to an instructor who has adopted cordially his own methods, writes thus of his friend.

"Mr. Wright is a younger disciple of the same eternal verity, which I have loved and served so long. You have never seen his like, so deep serene, so clear, so true, and so good. His school is a most refreshing and happy place. The children are mostly under twelve years of age, of both sexes; and his art and method of education simple and natural. It seemed like being again in my own school, save that a wiser wisdom directs, and a lovelier love presides over its order and teachings. He is not yet thirty years of age, but he has more genius for education than any man I have seen, and not of children alone, but he possesses the rare art of teaching men and women. What I have dreamed, and stammered, and preached, and prayed about so long, is in him clear and definite. It is life, influence, reality. I flatter myself that I shall bring him with me on my return. He cherishes hopes of making our land the place of his experiment on human culture, and of proving to others the worth of the divine idea that now fills and exalts him."

In consequence of Mr. Greaves's persuasion, which seems to be shared by his friends, that the special remedy for the evils of society at the present moment is association; perhaps from a more universal tendency, which has drawn in many of the best minds in this country also to accuse the idealism, which contents itself with the history of the private mind, and to demand of every thinker the warmest dedication to the race, this class of which we speak are obviously inclined to favor the plans of the Socialists. They appear to be in active literary and practical connexion with Mr. Doherty, the intelligent and catholic editor of the *London Phalanx*, who is described to us as hav-

ing been a personal friend of Fourier, and himself a man of sanguine temper, but a friend of temperate measures, and willing to carry his points with wise moderation, on one side; and in friendly relations with Robert Owen, "the philanthropist, 'who writes in brick and clay, in gardens and green fields,' who is a believer in the comforts and humanities of life, and would give these in abundance to all men," although they are widely distinguished from this last in their devout spiritualism. Many of the papers on our table contain schemes and hints for a better social organization, especially the plan of what they call "a Concordium, or a Primitive Home, which is about to be commenced by united individuals, who are desirous, under industrial and progressive education, with simplicity in diet, dress, lodging, &c., to retain the means for the harmonic development of their physical, intellectual, and moral natures." The institution is to be in the country, the inmates are to be of both sexes, they are to labor on the land, their drink is to be water, and their food chiefly uncooked by fire, and the habits of the members throughout of the same simplicity. Their unity is to be based on their education in a religious love, which subordinates all persons, and perpetually invokes the presence of the spirit in every transaction. It is through this tendency that these gentlemen have been drawn into fellowship with a humbler, but far larger class of their countrymen, of whom Goodwyn Barmby may stand for the representative.

Mr. Barmby is the editor of a penny magazine, called "The Promethean, or Communitarian Apostle," published monthly, and, as the covers inform us, "the cheapest of all magazines, and the paper the most devoted of any to the cause of the people; consecrated to Pantheism in Religion, and Communism in Politics." Mr. Barmby is a sort of Camille Desmoulins of British Revolution, a radical poet, with too little fear of grammar and rhetoric before his eyes, with as little fear of the Church or the State, writing often with as much fire, though not with as much correctness, as Ebenezer Elliott. He is the author of a poem called "The European Pariah," which will compare favorably with the Corn-law Rhymes. His paper is of great interest, as it details the conventions, the counsels, the measures of Barmby and his friends, for the organization of a



new order of things, totally at war with the establishment. Its importance arises from the fact, that it comes obviously from the heart of the people. It is a cry of the miner and weaver for bread, for daylight, and fresh air, for space to exist in, and time to catch their breath and rest themselves in; a demand for political suffrage, and the power to tax as a counterpart to the liability of being taxed; a demand for leisure, for learning, for arts and sciences, for the higher social enjoyments. It is one of a cloud of pamphlets in the same temper and from the same quarter, which show a wholly new state of feeling in the body of the British people. In a time of distress among the manufacturing classes, severe beyond any precedent, when, according to the statements vouched by Lord Brougham in the House of Peers, and Mr. O'Connell and others in the Commons, wages are reduced in some of the manufacturing villages to six pence a week, so that men are forced to sustain themselves and their families at less than a penny a day; when the most revolting expedients are resorted to for food; when families attempt by a recumbent posture to diminish the pangs of hunger; in the midst of this exasperation the voice of the people is temperate and wise beyond all former example. They are intent on personal as well as on national reforms. Jack Cade leaves behind him his bludgeon and torch, and is grown amiable, literary, philosophical, and mystical. He reads Fourier, he reads Shelley, he reads Milton. He goes for temperance, for non-resistance, for education, and for the love-marriage, with the two poets above named; and for association, after the doctrines either of Owen or of Fourier. One of the most remarkable of the tracts before us is "A Plan for the Education and Improvement of the People, addressed to the Working-Classes of the United Kingdom; written in Warwick Gaol, by William Lovett, cabinet-maker, and John Collins, tool-maker," which is a calm, intelligent, and earnest plea for a new organization of the people, for the highest social and personal benefits, urging the claims of general education, of the Infant School, the Normal School, and so forth; announcing rights, but with equal emphasis admitting duties. And Mr. Barmby, whilst he attacks with great spirit and great contempt the conventions of society, is a worshipper of love and of beauty, and



vindicates the arts. "The apostleship of veritable doctrine," he says, "in the fine arts is a really religious Apostolate, as the fine arts in their perfect manifestation tend to make mankind virtuous and happy."

It will give the reader some precise information of the views of the most devout and intelligent persons in the company we have described, if we add an account of a public conversation which occurred during the last summer. In the (London) Morning Chronicle, of 5 July, we find the following advertisement. "Public Invitation. An open meeting of the friends to human progress will be held tomorrow, July 6, at Mr. Wright's, Alcott-House School, Ham Common, near Richmond, Surrey, for the purpose of considering and adopting means for the promotion of the great end, when all who are interested in human destiny are earnestly urged to attend. The chair taken at Three o'clock and again at Seven, by A. Bronson Alcott, Esq., now on a visit from America. Omnibuses travel to and fro, and the Richmond steam-boat reaches at a convenient hour."

Of this conference a private correspondent has furnished us with the following report.

A very pleasant day to us was Wednesday, the sixth of July. On that day an open meeting was held at Mr. Wright's, Alcott-House School, Ham, Surrey, to define the aims and initiate the means of human culture. There were some sixteen or twenty of us assembled on the lawn at the back of the house. We came from many places; one 150 miles; another a hundred; others from various distances; and our brother Bronson Alcott from Concord, North America. We found it not easy to propose a question sufficiently comprehensive to unfold the whole of the fact with which our bosoms labored. We aimed at nothing less than to speak of the instauration of Spirit and its incarnation in a beautiful form. We had no chairman, and needed none. We came not to dispute, but to hear and to speak. And when a word failed in extent of meaning, we loaded the word with new meaning. The word did not confine our experience, but from our own being we gave significance to the word. Into one body we infused many lives, and it shone as the image of divine or angelic or human thought. For a word is a Proteus that means to a man what the man is. Three papers were successively presented.

## I. REFORMATION.

"Old things shall pass away."

That an integral reform will comprise, not only an amendment in our (1) Corn Laws, (2) Monetary Arrangements, (3) Penal Code, (4) Education, (5) the Church, (6) the Law of Primogeniture, (7) Divorce; but will extend to questions yet publicly unmooted, or unfavorably regarded, such as (1) that of a reliance on Commercial Prosperity, (2) a belief in the value of the purest conceivable Representative Legislature, (3) the right of man to inflict Pain on man, (4) the demand for a purer Generation in preference to a better Education, (5) the reign of Love in Man instead of human Opinions, (6) the restoration of all things to their primitive Owner, and hence the abrogation of Property, either individual or collective, and (7) the Divine Sanction, instead of the Civil and Ecclesiastical authority, for Marriage.

That the obstacles encountered, in any endeavor to secure the smallest proposed public reform, are not to be taken as a measure for the difficulties in realizing those of a deeper character, as above enumerated; for as the latter are more vital and real, so are they less dependent on public concurrence, and need rather an individual practice than an associative appeal.

That while the benevolent mind perceives and desires the entire reform which should be accomplished, the practical reformer will bound his aims by that which is *possible* at the moment; for while a twenty years' agitation is insufficient to procure the slightest modification in the Corn Laws, of little value when attained, and fifty years' advocacy shall not accomplish a reform in parliament, declared worthless and delusive as soon as it is conceded, the abiding, and real, and happy reforms are much more within our own power, at the same time that their value is, under every consideration, undoubted.

That however extensive, grand, or noble may be the ultimate measures proposed, it is thus the imperative duty of the sincere reformer at once to commence that course of conduct, which must not less conduce to his own than to the universal good.

That a reform in the relation of master and servant, in faith in money, in deference to wealth, in diet, habits of life, modes of intercourse, and other particulars, almost or entirely under the control of each individual, is the first series of practical measures to be adopted, at once the proof of sincerity, and the earnest of future success.

That a personal reform of this kind, humble as it may ap-

pear, is obviously the key to every future and wider good. By reformed individuals only can reformed laws be enacted, or reformed plans effected. By him alone, who is reformed and well regulated, can the appeal fairly be made to others, either privately or publicly, to submit to a superior rule. By such as have themselves become somewhat purified must the purer life and measures be indicated. The greatest Apostle of Reform is the most reformed.

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The speaker added as a comment on this paper, Human institutions and human habits are but the histories of men's natures, and have in all times disclosed the heaven-wandering attributes of their projectors. At present, institutions are extremely complex, and so wreathed together, that one reform compels a hundred, and of course every attempt to reform in one part is resisted by the establishment in all parts. But the divine thought permits us not to remain in quietude. That, which we are not, rises before us, as that, which we are to be. Our aspirations are the pledge of their own fulfilment. Hope drives forward with the speed of wind, and affirms that the unallowable of to-day shall be to-morrow within our reach; if that which is to-day only attainable shall to-morrow be a realized fact.

Beneath the actual which a man is, there is always covered a possible to tempt him forward, and beneath that an impossible. Beneath sense lie reason and understanding; beneath them both, humility; and beneath all, God. To be Godlike, we must pass through the grades of progress. We may make the experiences of the rational the humane life, and at last the life of God. But our precessions are not so much of time as of being. Even now the God-life is enfolded in us, even now the streams of eternity course freely in our central heart. If impelled by the spirit to intermingle with the arrangements of politics of the world in order to improve them, we shall discover the high point, from which we begin by the God-thought, in our interference. Our act must be divine. We seem to do; God does. God empowers legislators, and ennobles them for their fidelity. Let them, however, be apostles, not apostles' representatives; men of God, not men of men. Personal elevation is our credentials. Personal reform is that which is practicable, and without it our efforts on behalf of others are dreams only.

After this had been considered and approved, another of our friends offered the following scripture.

## II. TRANSITION.

"Bring no more vain oblations."

As men sincerely desirous of *being* that which we have *conceived* in idea, earnestly longing to assert the transcendency of divine humanity over all creeds, sayings, and theories, the question occurred to us, "How shall we find bread for the support of our bodies?" We proposed reducing our wants to nature's simplest needs; but on due consideration, we perceived that the restrictions on food precluded our obtaining it, and we learned with dismay that the spirit, which monopolizes bread and other constituents of life, denounced from the bosom of society, "You shall not live a conscientious life."

Not abashed, however, by this decree, we resolved to press our investigations, and we asked who had uttered this practical blasphemy in the face of high heaven? And all voices answered, that "the men trusting in property had done it." We took up this question of property, and asked, "By what tenure is it held?" And society answered, "On the tenure of might and immemorial custom." But when we interrogated our own hearts, and asked, "Did Divinity ever thus sanction possession?" our hearts, indeed, answered not; but the God within spoke plainly, that "Pure Love, which is ever communicative, never yet conceded to any being the right of appropriation." But when society urged further, that government had legitimated possession, we began to inquire on what authority government itself rested. And the government's answer was immediately proffered, "We protect the rights of property, and devise means for the accumulation of more. We shield the good from adversities, and we punish the evil-doers." Is this true? we thought. . . . No; government had not redeemed its promise to us, and we would no longer care for its provisions. The first law, too, of Heaven is Love, and government is founded on force. We were not believers in force; we believed that moral majesty was far more protection to man than the shield of a mighty empire; — we believed that a man encased in his own humanity was more secure, than he who was protected by a thousand bayonets. Our faith was in moral uprightness, and not in the prowess of armies. We would be established in love, and not in fear; and government is, in all these respects, infidel to the good. We asked, "Whether domination was of God?" and God answered, "No."

But we thought that the religious institute would do something for humanity, that the priest would succor the oppressed, and loose the burdens of the heavy laden. But the priest told us, he too loved, above all things, domination and homage.

... He laughed at human perfectibility. He declared, that loyalty to the prince, and pecuniary reverence to the church, were his only hope of salvation.

We, therefore, ignore human governments, creeds, and institutions; we deny the right of any man to dictate laws for our regulation, or duties for our performance; and declare our allegiance only to Universal Love, the all-embracing Justice.

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In addition to this statement of his thought the second speaker asked, Why does a man need an outward law? Simply because the law of love has been hidden. Men, are they not bankers and capitalists, whose Bank and Capital is God? Why should they borrow of men? Why should the all-wealthy seek the substitutes of riches? If we assert our manhood, what do we need of learning, precedent, or government? Let the impoverished seek for notes of hand; let the timid and lawless ask protection of the arm of power. Let the foolish still dream, that the vanity of book-miners will be their wisdom for us, we claim wealth, love, and wisdom, as essential informations of the Divinity. Besides, human institutions bear no fruit. If you plant them, they will yield nothing. Prohibitions and commands stand for nothing. "Thou shalt not kill," which is a history recording to sense what the divine law of purity suggests in every unperverted heart, is held binding by none. What shall I not kill? asks the butcher, the poulterer, the fishmonger, and he answers, All things in which I do not trade. And what shall the soldier not kill? All men, except his enemies. These exceptions make the law nugatory. The command is universal only for the pure soul, that neither stabs nor strangles. The laws of men inculcate and command slaughter. Nor will they exculpate rebellion on the ground, that holiness has rendered obedience impossible. But we must ignore laws which ignore holiness. Our trust is in purity, not in vengeance.

A third person had written down his thought as follows.

### III. FORMATION.

"Behold I make all things new."

That in order to attain the highest excellence of which man is capable, not only is a searching Reform necessary in the existing order of men and things, but the Generation of a new race of persons is demanded, who shall project institutions and initiate conditions altogether original, and commensurate with the being and wants of humanity.

That the germs of this new generation are even now dis-

coverable in human beings, but have been hitherto either choked by ungenial circumstances, or, having borne fruit prematurely or imperfectly, have attained no abiding growth.

That the elements for a superior germination consist in an innocent fertile mind, and a chaste healthful body, built up from the purest and most volatile productions of the uncontaminated earth; thus removing all hinderances to the immediate influx of Deity into the spiritual faculties and corporeal organs. Hence the true Generator's attention will be drawn to whatsoever pertains to the following constituents of Man and of Society :—

Primarily, Marriage and the Family Life, including of course, the Breeding and Education of Children.

Secondly, Housewifery and Husbandry.

Thirdly, The relations of the Neighborhood.

Fourthly, Man's relation to the Creator.

It is obvious, that society, as at present constituted, invades all and every one of these relations; and it is, therefore, proposed to select a spot whereon the new Eden may be planted, and man may, untempted by evil, dwell in harmony with his Creator, with himself, his fellows, and with all external natures.

On a survey of the present civilized world, Providence seems to have ordained the United States of America, more especially New England, as the field wherein this idea is to be realized in actual experience; and, trusting in the faith which inspires, the hope which ensures, and the power which enacts, a few persons, both in the new country and the old, are uniting their efforts to secure, at the earliest possible moment, and by the simplest possible means, a consummation so sublime, so humane, so divine.

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After reading this paper, he added words to this effect. Reformation belongs not to us, it is but a chimera. We propose not to make new combinations of old substances, the elements themselves shall be new. The great enigma, to solve which man has ever labored, is answered in the one fact, Birth. The disciplines, the loves, the wishes, the sorrows, the joys, the travail of many years, are crowded into conception, gestation, and Birth. If you ask where evil commences, the answer is, in Birth. If you ask what is the unpardonable sin, the answer is an unholy birth. The most sacred, the most profane, the most solemn, the most irreverent, the most godlike, yet possibly the most brutal of acts. This one stands as a centre to all extremes, it is the point on which God and Devil wage most irreconcilable warfare. Let Birth be surrendered to the spirit, and the results shall be blessed.



Together with pure beings will come pure habits. A better body shall be built up from the orchard and the garden. The outward frame shall beam with soul; it shall be a vital fact in which is typically unfolded the whole of perfectness. As he who seizes on civil liberty with the hand of violence would act the tyrant, if power were entrusted to him, so he whose food is obtained by force or fraud would accomplish other purposes by similarly ignoble means. Tyranny and domination must be overcome, when they first take root in the lust of unhallowed things. From the fountain we will slake our thirst, and our appetite shall find supply in the delicious abundance that Pomona offers. Flesh and blood we will reject as "the accursed thing." A pure mind has no faith in them.

An unvisited generation and more genial habits shall restore the Eden on Earth, and men shall again find that paradise is not merely a fable of the poets.

Such was the current of our thought; and most of those who were present felt delight in the conversations that followed. Said I not well, that it was a happy day? For though talk is never more than a portraiture of a fact, it may be, and ours was, the delineation of a fact based in the being of God.

*R. W. Emerson*

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#### JAMES PIERREPONT GREAVES.

##### NOTE.

[Whilst the foregoing article was preparing for the press, the following biographical notice of the great man, to whose name and character we had just called the attention of our readers, was sent us from England. Timely and welcome! The Memoir comes from a dear friend of Mr. Greaves, who had long lived under the same roof, and who strictly sympathized with his thoughts and aspirations. There is a certain grandeur about the traits of this distinguished person, which we hardly know where to parallel in recent biography. At the same time we are struck with his singular felicity in finding such an observer and reporter of his life. We rely on our honored correspondent to send us, with the least possible delay, the papers alluded to in the close of the Memoir.

EDITOR OF THE DIAL.]

**PROPHECY is a Nature in Man.** It is not merely an action either in or on the mind, but an ever present element. Neither is it a peculiar gift, unknown to all save the few.

For it is by reason of its presence in one, that it is comprehended as a possibility in another. It is rather the universal revelation, varying endlessly in power, in development, in consciousness. In degrees so endlessly varying, that the less receiver is apt to venerate the larger receiver, as a heaven-favored existence. Such largeness of reception belonged to the late James Pierrepont Greaves. Of those who enjoyed the advantage of numbering him amongst their human acquaintances, few will forget the vivacity, the force, the constancy, with which he was enabled to bring before the mind a vivid representation of the eternal power at work within him. Or rather, should it not be said, that the fervor in and from him was so strong, as to effect a kindling within the bosom of every auditor of that fuel, which till then had never been ignited. Somewhat of this result occurred to all with whom he was brought into contact. Either in anger or love, for animosity or friendship, deep, sincere, unqualified, was he distinguished in the category of every one with whom he was held in any moral relationship whatever. There was no coolness, no indifference; for the pungent power, the capacity for touching another soul in the very point of its being, was so strong and so universally exercised, that the result at the moment was sure to be either the vivifying of hopes to an extent never before experienced, or the stirring up of gloomy elements which renew the war within. The happy consequences fell, we need scarcely remark, mostly to the young, the pure, and such as were free of sectarian holdings; the unhappy ones to the fixed and stiffened doctrinal mind, the sectarian, the selfish.

In himself was remarked a youthful spirit, which physical age could not conceal, even from the common observer. The formality in expression, the framework of antiquated terminology, the imposition of precedent literature, which so frequently and so dreadfully stamp the signet of bald age upon the youthful brow, never weighed down the juvenile vigor in him. The spirit so living, so loving, and so potent, acted freely in all modes, like an elastic human body in flexile garments. Authors, as well as speakers, found, in reflections from him, a value put upon their words far greater than they intended, or of which they considered them susceptible. He thus deepened every thinker to a

moral sensibility beyond the ground of mere thought or contemplation, whence moral improvement has so long been *viewed*, but on which it never can be *actualized*.

To discover a critic, not himself an author, yet far more authorized than any author; to encounter a friend, not involved in individual sympathy, yet greatly more loving than the nearest kin; are incidents so uncommon to the writer, and to the soul, that they are marked as white days in the mind's calendar. These are moments, æsthetic moments, afterwards ever present; for they are not alone pencilled on the memory by pleasure, but engraven in the heart by love.

A being favorably organized mentally for this work of approved education, and of manners and external aspect more than "passing fair," who shall, either spontaneously or in some unpremeditated circumstances, be induced to throw himself inward in the prophetic nature to the antecedent power which breeds and develops it, becomes a real blessing, or at least a most blissful circumstance to his progressive fellow beings. With a strong tendency from these advantages to an indigenous exposition of this moral nature, Mr. Greaves appears to have been detained in little above a refinement of old notions, until circumstances favorable to the elimination of the higher were brought about. There was doubtless always a readiness to flow forth in this direction; but the nature must be strong indeed which can burst through every impediment which education, and institutions, and living society carefully pile around it; and in Mr. Greaves it did not resplendently shine forth, until events took place, usually called adverse, but which in his case, having been followed by results the most happy for himself and beneficial for his fellow man, may truly be termed fortunate, or providential.

Mr. Greaves was born at Merton, in the county of Surrey, a few miles from the great metropolis, on the night of the first of February, 1777. His parents, who moved in a thoughtful sphere, had several other children. Two of the sons were brought into the Church; but both have subsequently, in a better understanding of that which is to be revered, ceased to place the term "Reverend" before their names; and in other particulars have shown that the manifestations, for which James was remarkable, were not

the result of acquired opinions and doctrines, but consequences flowing naturally from an inborn nature, correspondingly organized, and at length happily emancipated. Alexander is now in America, where his mind finds a more free scope, and where he endeavors to work out his measure of utility.

James P. Greaves was educated to a mercantile life, which he pursued in partnership with some success; and the capital which he inherited was, in the ordinary sense of the term, profitably employed for many years. The establishment in King's Arms Yard, Coleman Street, London, was remarkable for its order, its selection of well conducted assistants, its liberality, and attention to the comforts of every person engaged, and the wise economy of an abundant yet temperate expenditure.

Under this barren serenity of commercial respectability so valuable a mind was not to remain buried. The French nation, then thrown into an actively hostile position to the old European system, of which England became the champion, cast itself about for other warlike weapons than guns and bayonets, and by an attack upon the English commercial system sought to undermine its political power.

One consequence of the Berlin and Milan decrees of 1806 was the bankruptcy of our friend's house. He was certified by consent of his creditors, to whom he conscientiously rendered up every particle of his property, and thus, having no incumbrance, became a free man.

Frequently it happens that one lesson is not sufficient for the pupil. Inapt or sullen, he wills to abide by his error, and does not easily suffer it to be eradicated. James P. Greaves was not so unwise; he appears to have discovered, upon this lively intimation, that the commercial was not his appropriate order amongst men; and he waited not for the second hint, which the disappointed suitor at the court of wealth so commonly requires. Nor was he rendered ill at ease by this discovery. He was neither discontented nor disconcerted.

When one, who has been the most fondly caressed of a numerous circle, whose lips have been regarded as the channels of affectionate wisdom, whose visits have been marked by the most spontaneous deference, suddenly finds all these external signs of respect reversed, — the caresses

changed to coldness, the reception transformed into doubt, the deference into contempt, how deeply poignant must be the sufferings in such a soul! Fortunate is it for the individual who in such circumstances thinks not of looking for a fresh circle of admiring friends, but is in harmonic seriousness driven to the discovery in his own mind of a more permanent and protective solace.

There are some beings so delicately constructed, that in the bare possibility of such a contingency shrink, in the reverse hour, from all outward contact. Even in cases where no such abatement of friendship would occur, there is frequently not faith enough for the experiment. When *such* minds at the same crisis undergo an inward transmutation from the ordinary routine of mental imitative discipline to that of real original thought, they are not only saved from the pain which falls on the mere exteriorly minded, but they come forth again amongst men from a new ground, regenerated beings, capable of aiding with joy and happiness the conditions for regeneration in others. Then does the past appear in its actual vanity or emptiness. The process, previously called "thought," is discovered to be unworthy of that noble title. Thought, primitive, generative, generic thought, becoming conscious, the imitative, repetitive, lifeless mode, no longer burdens.

How enriched does man then become, enriching all others too! Poverty is at least the signet, if not the test of virtue. None but the outwardly poor can be truly great; the truly great are always outwardly poor. Upon the breaking down of his worldly fortune, and the total surrender of his worldly wealth to its legal claimants, Mr. Greaves did not noise his adversity abroad, nor make a wailing as if overtaken by calamity. Some observing friends, however, were not wanting, who supplied his urgent necessities, and with a few pounds in his pocket he went to Germany. At the same time also some thoughtful friends directed his attention to that which is in a certain degree, though faintly, expressed in the deepest written books.

In a mood, then, such as may best be imagined from these circumstances and facts, he departed for a short season, as was supposed, to new external scenes. Not a mere animal man, in search of amusement, was thus liberated from the city's routine, but a mind went forth in love, duly



accredited by the Spirit, to link the nations together in the new relation of universal amity.

At that period it was not as it now is in respect to the feeling of brotherhood amongst nations. Then raged bitter hostility and severe bigotry in men otherwise to be considered enlightened; and barriers, since broken down in peaceful times, were still erect and blood-stained. Tranquil years have since given opportunity for the labors of such ambassadors between man and man, as the subject of our remarks, to operate freely in almost every department of mental and moral geography.

Modern public morality has effected a worthy progress, so far as it has removed its approbation from the warrior's achievements to those of the scientific discoverer; from the conquest of pride and anger over human blood, to the triumphs of mind over passive matter. But a still worthier progress must be accomplished. A newer morality must award its highest honors to those, who discover and apply new practical plans for aiding human regeneration, and conserving pure human generation. The law and principle of these works have long been revealed, but the actual intellectual means, as well as the physical contingencies, yet remain to be unfolded. This is man's most sacred social duty, and until this reality becomes the ruling vitality in his actions, neither his actual beneficences, nor his intellectual discoveries will have any real value with relation to true manhood, how much soever they may enrich the community, or render famous the individual.

All our improvements in machinery, though, when viewed in relation to sanguinary war and national pride, they are highly to be extolled, fall into the shade when compared with the conquest of man's selfish nature. To enable two ears of corn to grow where only one grew before, may be worthy of the highest honor which man in society can bestow. If this be true, how great return should be decreed to him, who enables thought to spring up in the mind heretofore barren, or devises means, having for their object the direct generation of moral vitality in man himself.

Such seems to have been the high and peculiar mission of Mr. Greaves. In many particulars he was as eminently qualified to carry it out. No second or selfish object diverted him from the primary purpose. He was ever



open to the interruption of inquirers, ever ready to lay his mind before those who, having better expounding faculties, were qualified as public interpreters, and had their private pleasure therein. He was of that nature, of which the world is happily not without other examples, which, abounding in all the qualities and organism requisite to the construction of an eminent character, with moral courage of the purest kind, with intellectual perspicuity far above the common lot, and energy equal to their popular manifestation, yet takes a direction which in its own day, at least, keeps the name from the public eye. These are the central minds of their circle, around which minds more circumferential revolve; the under mind upon which the superficial minds rest. Were the originality in many books, speeches, or institutions to be thoroughly traced, it would often be found necessary to transfer the merit, if any there be, from the known name to the unknown author, Greaves. Often was his the suggestive mind which either corrected the well-meant efforts of others, or started the original thought. His corrections, like his originations, were always effected by a faithful endeavor to connect the expressed idea with the true originator. This he had the faculty of doing in so many and such varied forms of expression, that he had an entrance into every mind, a word for every person. The educated and the uneducated, male and female, rich and poor, alike confessed the potency in his words, though their influence not unfrequently ceased when his pen or voice was stilled. But let us not too hastily adopt such a conclusion. There are now scattered over the thoughtful world written records of his efforts, to recall the mind of the author criticised to the real being Author, which cannot ultimately fail of beneficial results. There are now embosomed in many hearts sayings deep and living, which, as quickening conditions, shall tend to the reanimation of the living Word.

He was thus, in the most eminent sense, a practical philosopher. His gratification was far less in having the fame of good works, than in seeing them accomplished. Nor in other respects was he less actual. He early had a deep and permanent intuition of the Pythagorean idea. That everything needless should be given up; that all things, every action, should be made subservient to the one great end, was not with him a mere idea to be spoken of, but

actual practices. By an adherence to principle in this manner, in respect to diet, to behavior, to mental freedom, moral candor, and divine love, he became, despite of all tendency to retirement, an eminent example and a frequent theme of discourse to all who knew him. His presence made an academic grove in every familiar place; and his history calls to mind the reports of the celebrated men of antiquity. London streets have been, though perhaps not frequently, the scene of a happiness which must be secured rather in a penny loaf and spring water, than at luxurious banquets; in singleness of heart, rather than in family enjoyments.

So deep, so intimate was the interpenetration of the Spirit in him, that the power to express it affirmatively was by no means equal to it; and very generally his mode was found objectionable, until so far diluted that there was near danger of altogether losing the spirit. The fact, however, doubtless is, that it was what he would express, that was difficult to admit, and not the terms used to express it. The idea itself being new and unknown, novel and strange necessarily must the language be in which the speaker endeavors to expose it. However, this may now be made an experiment by every candid reader. The world already so fully abounds in scriptures, that there will not be much vice in the addition of a few more lines, especially when on all hands that one popular quality, novelty, must be conceded them.

Antecedent to the year 1830, Mr. Greaves appears not to have kept any regular record of his thoughts. His written efforts were deposited on the margins of the books he read, or displayed in private correspondence, or on still frailer or more portable scraps of paper, too freely, and now too widely distributed to be gathered.

Amongst his relics there are twelve quarto volumes of manuscript, in his own hand writing, which, being of a small character, these papers are really a monument of constant industry as of pervading love.

Inertia was unknown to him; and the love in his activity was as unfailing as itself. When not conversing or lecturing, his pen was constantly in motion. If unemployed publicly, he in private found means to render his presence on earth essentially useful to his fellow man. The simple operation of marking passages in books, by his pen, was

from his mind a commentary more pointed, more valuable, than on many occasions the lengthy annotations of the profound scholar. This slight, dumb sign that mind has been busy there; this proof that some other soul could touch the deepest ground which the deepest wisdom could express, that some auditor could be whose ear could catch the most sacred harmony which the profoundest harper could attune, is magnetism enough to involve a second reader, and to render him participant of the joys of the two predecessors, with the addition of the animating feelings peculiar to himself. To mind the footprints of mind, in an unmindful world, are doubly cheering.

There are occasionally still to be seen on earth giant minds, who bestride the narrow world of literature like a colossus; men of intelligence so living and so penetrating, that they seem to have the key in their own minds to every book. Their minds are enabled to transcend the author's, and to reflect back upon the book a brighter light, and more valuable similitude, as the human form is more estimable than the glass in which it is reflected.

Before we proceed to furnish extracts from these which, we hope not unprofanely, we may call sacred volumes, we would endeavor to give a few examples of the workings of his mind in the mode above mentioned, of contrasting the various authors which from time to time fell under his observation.

These marginal notices being spread over a course of many years, thirty at least, are not all the survey of a mind from one position. Though the central point is constantly expressed in them, there must necessarily be some graduation, during a series of years, in the utterances of a progressive mind. Mr. Greaves had a strong intuition also of the importance of a change in terminology. He evidently had an appreciating perception of the heavy chains, which oft repeated words and phrases throw around the mind, which otherwise were free to express spontaneously the germinations of the births within.

We are the better enabled to do this, as Mr. Greaves published some of these in the year 1827, in the form of a periodical essay, under the title of the *Contrasting Magazine*, having the assistance of Dr. Biber as editor.

— Chas Lane.

## DIRGE.

## I.

I SAW the pine trees on the shore  
Stand solemn in their dark green shroud,  
I heard the winds thy loss deplore,  
Whose beauty worlds had fleetly bowed.

Thy beauty! God's own hand did press  
Thy rich curls round thy Grecian brow,  
And wound thee in lithe loveliness; —  
I see thee standing by me now.

I hear thy solemn anthem fall  
Of richest song upon my ear,  
That clothes thee in thy golden pall,  
As this wide sun flows on the mere.

Away — 't is autumn in the land,  
Though summer decks the green pine's bough,  
Its spires are plucked by thy white hand,  
I see thee standing by me now.

## II.

I dress thee in the withered leaves,  
Like forests when their day is done,  
I bear thee, as the wain its sheaves,  
Which crisply rustle in the sun.

Thou trackest me as blood-hounds scent  
The wanderer's feet all down the glen;  
Thy memory is the monument  
That dies not out my heart again.

So swift the circling years run round  
Their dizzy course, I hope to hide;  
But till they lay me 'neath the ground,  
My resting day shall be denied.

Thou, summer sun, wilt pity me,  
Thy beams once gladly sought my brow,  
My love, I wandered then with thee, —  
I see thee standing by me now.

## III.

A thousand flowers enchant the gale  
With perfume sweet as love's first kiss,  
And odours in the landscape sail,  
That charm the sense with sudden bliss.

But fate, who metes a different way  
To me, since I was falsely sold,  
Hath gray-haired turned the sunny day,  
Bent its high form and made it old.

Age freezes me on every side,  
Since thy sweet beauty died to me,  
And I had better youthful died,  
Than broke such loving troth to thee.

I see the hills where heaven stoops  
To seize the shadows off their brow,  
But there my nature downward droops, —  
I see thee standing by me now.

## IV.

Come time — come death, and blot my doom  
With feller woes, if they be thine,  
Clang back thy gates, sepulchral tomb,  
And match thy barrenness with mine.

O! moaning wind along the shore,  
How faint thy sobbing accents come!  
Strike on my heart with maddest roar,  
Thou meet'st no discord in this home

Sear, blistering sun, these temple veins,  
Blind, icy moon, these coldest eyes,  
And drench me through, you winter rains, —  
Swell, if ye can, my miseries.

Those dark, deep orbs are meeting mine,  
That white hand presses on my brow,  
That soft, sweet smile I know, 't is thine, —  
I see thee standing by me now.

*W. E. Channing.*

#### CROMWELL.

THOUGH we grant Oliver to have been but a patching tailor at constitution-mending, we must claim for him a larger fraction of humanity than the ninth, which tradition awards to that useful, man-making class of artisans. Manhood, — real, soul-inspired manhood must have abounded more than ordinary under the buff jerkin of that sturdy yeoman. Else how should he, in times when manliness was far from rare, have stood out in bold relief beyond all other figures carved in that pannel of England's history? That portion too, be it remarked, which is of all the most soul-stirring in the perusal. Place the record before the mind of generous youth or aspiring man, and whether coinciding with the Commonwealth doctrines, or not, he shall not fail to be touched by the recital of those twenty years' events.

Great action speaks to all. The universal perception of heroism in Cromwell's character grants him the stamp of true greatness. Great was he in the outward, for in political rank none stood above him; great must he have been in the inward, for of exterior advantages to raise him to outward eminence he had none. His years of education dissipated, his fortune mean, his dress slovenly, his speech disagreeable, his person coarse, how happened it that to the topmost round of ambition's ladder he was enabled to climb?

Never can it be permitted, that we may conclude the whole English nation at any period to have been so besot-



ted, as to be deceived by pretensions for a longer time than is usually given to a nine-days' wonder. At this era, moreover, there was too much acuteness, intelligence, and determination in activity, to allow a hollow usurper to defraud us of our good opinions. If impartiality will not aid Englishmen to see this, nationality must. The cosmopolitan asserts it; the patriot admits it.

Destiny is the sternest master, the blindest friend, the most puzzling guide which men can have. His scholars, at times the most active, are anon the most inert of the human race. He accepts neither assistance nor resistance from his pupils; and when one appears most to be instructing his fellows, the great teacher is most instructing and constructing him. Kings and republicans are equally pupils of a power which, now through external circumstances, now through central life, influences human action to some great event.

Why do they not suffer the embarkation of that moneyless, rough, active, zealous puritan to the more congenial shores of New England? He stands there on the wharf, the ship is about to sail, happy society in perspective is beheld on the other side of the ocean, warm and wealthy friends will accompany him. He may thus escape from a country in which it is difficult to earn one's bread, offensive to express one's thoughts, almost impossible to live a pure life, to one where the outward burdens are lighter, and the new conception, if not the new birth of freedom is realized. He will cease longer to be oppressed by royalty and episcopacy in their strongholds. He aims at a land and a brotherhood where long prayers may consist with long purses, and he may wait duly on the Lord without neglecting his crops.

But no; the sharp, gray-eyed fanatic, humble as he is, must be detained. They issue that royal order in council, sad council for royalism, and he must remain. Thus goes on the work of Destiny. The ball then passes to the other side, and Cromwell becomes the player. Earnestness is a thing not to be annihilated by order in council; and if you will not allow its activity to be manifested in emigration, which is its quiet, natural course in this man, it takes another, and for you more troublesome, form. He is now member of Parliament for the town of Cambridge. Just

the character to be chosen by a town, which is too near a neighbor of a protestant Rome to be ignorant of its corruptions.

Providence has evidently adopted him as an instrument for its end. That bronze mind is roughly cast, and little polished; but there is that in him which will not let him be turned aside from his purpose. Moreover he has a purpose. Reverie is, for the moment, past for him. He has the revelation, and now he comes forth to action. To frail argument and long-drawn speech he never descends. His tactics are not talkative, but active. To place his cause on the rotten stage of logical precision were to forecast defeat. He gives facts, — huddled, truly, like a basket of many-colored yarns entangled, but still facts. Evils he recounts, needless of exaggeration, for they are known to all. Abuses he exposes, of which all are convinced, for the proof is in their own suffering. Rights and just wants he asserts, and the assertion suffices, for they find a sympathy in every bosom. Zeal, too, he displays; the earnestness, the sincerity, which cannot be feigned, is seen in him by the thousands, the millions, who cannot be deceived by the zeal, the earnestness, the sincerity they are self-conscious of.

Here lies the point. We all see, we all feel eternal rectitude, but we do not all act it. We do not even verbally affirm it. In the dark and troublous hour, when the flame of liberty is all but extinguished, when it most demands a bold hand to add replenishing oil, then are fewer spirits found to take the foremost place. When again the lamp burns highly, multitudes, gladdened by its brightness, can talk of heroism, and applaud the actor, but can no more.

Action is the assertion of greatness. Nobility is essentially epic. Man himself is the darkened glass through which he darkly sees. Children and nations, while they are the most open to fraud, are the last to be deceived. They know while they are cheated where integrity lies. They award no honor to the man who says but does not, who talks largely but acts little, who speculates freely, and in his being or doing is narrow.

Turned from dissipation to married life by the reforming spirit; averted from gambling fury to religious zeal; forced

by liberal expenditure to farming; debarred from emigration by royal ordinance; chosen as the representative of wronged citizens, he attacks jobbing lords; yet here finding not the exact sphere for action, he suffers not himself to be clipped of his fair proportions; he is not to be the victim of circumstances, he will at least select them. At the age of forty-three years he enters the army. Until then the idle student, the domestic husband, the struggling farmer, the religious zealot, the quiet, humble emigrant, the talking legislator. Employments all distant enough from that of military leader. Yet this is the chosen path for his exertions.

How deep must be that feeling, how sincere those convictions, how lively that indignation, which permits men, having the Christian Scriptures in one hand, to take up the sword with the other. We laugh at the joke, "say your prayers and keep your gunpowder dry;" but the union of these two spirits in act is no frivolous matter to the actor. Mistaken the actor may be, nay, must be, whether the deeply indignant wealth-producer at the plough or in the shop, or the flighty spendthrift in the senate or the church. No vote in form of parliament can hallow this union; and a blind, depressive man-teaching only can calm the nervous trembling, which comes over the Christ-taught mind at the mere suggestion to unite violence and love.

Sincerity, however, is quite consistent with this unholy blindness. Sincere are kings, sincere are people. Blind both. Sincere too is Cromwell. No sophistry can deprive him of this negative merit. Politicians, who know no other value in social science than to make a trade of it, will vainly endeavor to sneer this attribute out of countenance. If Cromwell throws the ink about at the signing of the bloody warrant, or urges the bottle at convivial meetings, there is a deeper purpose in it than a dirty face or a drunken man. In an age of sincerity, activity, and consciousness, he alone is the greatest, who is most sincere, most active, most conscious.

Tested by the measure of success, who doubts the mastership in this mind? Have we not the many discordant elements in England brought to something like discipline? Are not, for the first time, Scotland and Ireland subjugated,

like younger brothers by the elder, in order to be compacted into one family? Look at the foreign relations. Are not all nations standing respectfully hating or admiring the new wonder, the alarming precedent? Do we not originate lasting treaties with Portugal, highly advantageous to our commerce? Do we not successfully battle with the Dutch, and fight them into fellowship? Is not Spain a suitor for England's favor? Is not mighty France at least civil; and rising Sweden on good terms? Let it be hypocrisy which controls the puritanical zealot; let it be cleverness only which guides the state-vessel so pleasantly over the wide ocean; still he must have the wreath entwined for him who is greatly clever.

The clever-minded world knows only of cleverness, and enjoys only its triumphs, appreciates only its principles; ignorant that the cleverness it so well knows, and so much enjoys, stands on a much deeper basis. The clever hero himself is not always aware of this, and consents to be defrauded of his nobler claim, by accepting renown for the witty usufruct which should be given to the moral capital. Not so, rely upon it, is it with Cromwell. Beneath contradictory appearances, confused utterance, and rough manners, there are the noble purpose, the clear conception, the straightforward action. Originality, creativeness, sincerity, perhaps ever lack polish.

Unless there be some yet unadmitted pusillanimity in royal armies, a victory, by 8,000 undisciplined zealots over 20,000 well drilled hirelings, bespeaks some eminence for the leader, as well as for those he leads. The greater number, too, make a brave resistance. How much braver the assailants. Heroism, or sincerity, or some deep quality must be here at work to produce such results. Spite of the desire to blot out all remembrance of these facts, or to distort or to discolor them, they there remain trophies of what a people can do, when the season ripens their ideal purpose into seed-bearing action.

But destiny changes the hands, and the other players now are to have an inning. Providence toys with souls, when souls would toy with it. Whosoever plays frivolously is no longer an initiative; he is discharged from again starting the ball, but has to repel it as best he may. So long as our hero keeps his heart unviolated, preserves the

promises which in the sanctuary of his soul he made to the eternal spirit, his power is intact. He coquets to his ruin, and plays false to himself.

Cromwell, with a robust frame, which might have served him twenty years longer, quits his earthly tenement at fifty-nine. So soon fails the body, when the soul is derelict from its high purpose ; as, on the other hand, a lofty aim, an infinite inspiration, fills out existence and prolongs our time. At mature age, when calm judgment should mellow youthful zeal, when domestic opposition is mastered, and foreign relations are amicably secured, why is not the leader in these events elevated to a Lycurgus height, and induced to excel in brilliant utility all his previous acts, by the stamp of permanency, as far as holy, unreserved devotion can bestow it? Fatal shortsightedness! He errs not so much in fighting with the book of peace in his hand, as in courting his opponents with the words of peace on his lips. The former might be unconscious zeal, but must succeed ; the latter is conscious diplomacy, which must fail. Adherence to principle is the sole security for the attainment of manhood or its preservation. Why, after so much success, does this action-loving man tamper in his position, and condescend to parley with the speculative oppressors whom he has under his feet? The reality for whose development a whole nation were too small a sphere, has he narrowed it down to a family name? Is posterity for him bounded to such a nutshell?

After the people have shown several years' successful experience of self-government, is he about to theorize concerning a twofold legislature, and to make concessions to an enemy, who is at least consistent in implacability, as well as in the determination not to learn? We dare not believe it. Mental imbecility could not so soon come over that energetic soul. Traitor to himself dares he be?

Fortunately perhaps for man that he has another lesson not to rely on man, it appears even thus. The high tide of success is often fatal to souls whom no adversity can subdue. Cromwell, paltering with a double purpose, hopes to retain the power and fame built on his spirit-founded actions, and to superadd the power and fame, which delusive imagination leads men to suppose can be acquired by calculation and intrigue. Men cannot become great by

courting the title of greatness ; greatness itself alone can make them great.

Oscillating between the substance and the shadow, true to neither, he is no longer heart-whole. Royalism, — Popularity ? The World, — the Spirit ? Which seems to bid higher ? The day of unbought enthusiasm is past ; prudence now usurps the throne of love. Fears of the assassin, guilty tremors, shake that iron frame. Alarmed, he hurries from place to place ; restless, the load of public business augments upon him ; in a few weeks the least courtly of ambassadors cuts short all argument and doubt.

Rest, therefore, may these two-hundred year old bones in their antiquated tomb ; for neither can the bones build new men, nor the grave new houses. We need the new Cromwell. We will rather *be* the new, than recount the rights and wrongs of the old. What have we to do with them ? Let us attend to the existing. The wrongs he temporarily redressed have not yet passed away ; the rights he claimed are not yet conceded. Old England is still corrupt ; New England is still the land of hope. The waters still lie between ; and if aught is changed, it is perhaps only that emigration is prevented, not by royal order in council, but by the decree of want.

Chris Lane.

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#### THE POET.

No narrow field the poet has,  
The world before him spreading,  
But he must write his honest thought,  
No critic's cold eye dreading.

His range is over everything,  
The air, the sea, the earth, the mind,  
And with his verses murmurs sing,  
And joyous notes float down the wind.

W. E. Channing.



## LINES.

Thy quiet radiance falls upon my spirit,  
 Like the cool starshine on a fevered brow,  
 And I from thee a still delight inherit,  
 As from fresh leaves that round my footsteps grow.  
 In thy great freedom to commune with me,  
 As summer clouds stoop down to bathe the hills,  
 I feel the greatness of my destiny,  
 A solemn anthem through my being thrills.  
 In the long summer days I sit by thee,  
 And gaze upon thy beauty evermore,  
 A deeper depth of peace those eyes unfold to me,  
 As I with growing calm their tranquillity explore,  
 In thee what buds of possibility  
 Await the wooing air, to tempt them into birth.  
 O'er thee what heavenly serenity  
 Shall spread its joy, as blue skies beauty over earth,  
 Thy life to thee unconsciously shall be,  
 As fragrance to the flower, or greenness to the leaves,  
 And then shall pass this earth as noiselessly,  
 As the fair cloud its fleecy variation weaves,  
 Fain would I sit by thee, till life grew dim,  
 Hearing thy beauty chant its wondrous hymn;  
 False pupil were I, learned I not from thee,  
 That thou to me one revelation art  
 Of the great beauty, which eternally  
 Is the apparel of the central heart.

X.

———  
 SAADI.

*Ellen Hooper (?)*

TREES in groves,  
 Kine in droves,  
 In ocean sport the finny herds,  
 Wedgelike cleave the air the birds,  
 To northern lakes fly wind-borne ducks,  
 Browse the mountain sheep in flocks,  
 Men consort in camp and town,  
 But the poet dwells alone.

God, who gave to him the lyre,  
 Of all mortals the desire,  
 For all men's behoof,  
 Straitly charged him, 'Sit aloof;  
 Annexed a warning, poets say,  
 To the bright premium, —  
 When twain together play,  
 The harp shall be dumb.

Many may come,  
But one shall sing;  
Two touch the string,  
The harp is dumb.  
Though there come a million,  
Wise Saadi dwells alone.

Yet Saadi loved the race of men, —  
No churl immured in cave or den, —  
In bower and hall  
He wants them all,  
Nor can dispense  
With Persia for his audience,  
They must give ear,  
Grow red with joy, and white with fear;  
Yet he has no companion,  
Come ten, or come a million,  
Good Saadi dwells alone.

Be thou ware where Saadi dwells,  
Wisdom of the gods is he;  
Entertain it reverently.  
Gladly round that golden lamp  
Sylvan deities encamp,  
And simple maids and noble youth  
Are welcome to the man of truth.  
Most welcome they, who need him most,  
They feed the spring which they exhaust:  
For greater need  
Draws better deed:  
But, critic, spare thy vanity,  
Nor show thy pompous parts,  
To vex with odious subtlety  
The cheerer of men's hearts.

Sad-eyed Fakirs swiftly say  
Endless dirges to decay,  
Who never in the blaze of light  
Lose the shudder of midnight,  
Who at overflowing noon  
Hear wolves barking at the moon,  
In the bower of dalliance sweet  
Hear the far Avenger's feet,  
And shake before those awful Powers,  
Who in their pride forgive not ours.  
Thus the sad-eyed Fakirs preach;  
Bard, when thee would Allah teach  
And lift thee to his holy mount,  
He sends thee from his bitter fount  
Wormwood; saying, Go thy ways,  
Drink not the Malaga of praise,  
But do the deed thy fellows hate,  
And compromise thy peaceful state.

Smite the white breasts which thee fed,  
Stuff sharp thorns beneath the head  
Of them thou shouldst have comforted.  
For out of wo and out of crime  
Draws the heart a lore sublime.  
And yet it seemeth not to me  
That the high gods love tragedy,  
For Saadi sat in the sun,  
And thanks was his contrition,  
For haircloth and for bloody whips  
Had active hands and smiling lips,  
And yet his runes he rightly read,  
And to his folk his message sped.  
Sunshine in his heart transferred  
Lighted each transparent word.  
And well could honoring Persia learn  
What Saadi wished to say;  
For Saadi's nightly stars did burn  
Brighter than Dschami's day.

Whispered the muse in Saadi's cot;  
O gentle Saadi, listen not,  
Tempted by thy praise of wit,  
Or by thirst and appetite,  
For the talents not thine own,  
To sons of contradiction,  
Never, son of eastern morning,  
Follow falsehood, follow scorning,  
Denounce who will, who will deny,  
And pile the hills to scale the sky,  
Let theist, atheist, pantheist,  
Define and wrangle how they list,  
Fierce conserver, fierce destroyer, —  
But thou joy-giver and enjoyer,  
Unknowing war, unknowing crime,  
Gentle Saadi, mind thy rhyme,  
Heed not what the brawlers say,  
Heed thou only Saadi's lay.

Let the great world bustle on  
With war and trade, with camp and town;  
A thousand men shall dig and eat;  
At forge and furnace thousands sweat;  
And thousands sail the purple sea;  
And give or take the stroke of war;  
Or crowd the market and bazaar;  
Oft shall war end, and peace return,  
And cities rise where cities burn,  
Ere one man my hill shall climb,  
Who can turn the golden rhyme;  
Let them manage how they may,  
Heed thou only Saadi's lay.  
Seek the living among the dead,  
Man in man is imprisoned,

Barefooted Dervish is not poor,  
 If fate unlock his bosom's door,  
 So that what his eye hath seen,  
 His tongue can paint as bright, as keen ;  
 And what his tender heart hath felt,  
 With equal fire thy heart shall melt.  
 Now his memory is a den,  
 A sealed tomb from gods and men,  
 Whose rich secrets not transpire ;  
 Speech should be like air and fire ;  
 But to speak when he assays,  
 His voice is bestial and base ;  
 Himself he heareth hiss or hoot,  
 And crimson shame him maketh mute ;  
 But whom the muses smile upon  
 And touch with soft persuasion,  
 His words like a storm-wind can bring  
 Terror and Beauty on their wing,  
 In his every syllable  
 Lurketh nature veritable ;  
 And though he speak in midnight dark,  
 In heaven, no star ; on earth, no spark ;  
 Yet before the listener's eye  
 Swims the world in ecstasy,  
 The forest waves, the morning breaks,  
 The pastures sleep, ripple the lakes,  
 Leaves twinkle, flowers like persons be,  
 And life pulsates in rock or tree.  
 Saadi ! so far thy words shall reach ;  
 Suns rise and set in Saadi's speech.

And thus to Saadi said the Muse ;  
 Eat thou the bread which men refuse ;  
 Flee from the goods which from thee flee ;  
 Seek nothing ; Fortune seeketh thee.  
 Nor mount, nor dive ; all good things keep  
 The midway of the eternal deep.  
 Wish not to fill the isles with eyes  
 To fetch thee birds of paradise ;  
 On thine orchard's edge belong  
 All the brags of plume and song ;  
 Wise Ali's sunbright sayings pass  
 For proverbs in the market-place ;  
 Through mountains bored by regal art,  
 Toil whistles as he drives his cart.  
 Nor scour the seas, nor sift mankind,  
 A poet or a friend to find,  
 Behold, he watches at the door,  
 Behold his shadow on the floor.  
 Open innumerable doors  
 The heaven, where unveiled Allah pours,  
 The flood of truth, the flood of good,  
 The Seraph's and the Cherub's food,

Those doors are men ; the Pariah hind  
 Admits thee to the perfect Mind.  
 Seek not beyond thy cottage wall  
 Redeemers that can yield thee all.  
 While thou sittest at thy door  
 On the desert's yellow floor,  
 Listening to the grayhaired crones,  
 Foolish gossips, ancient drones,  
 Saadi ! see, they rise in stature  
 To the height of mighty Nature,  
 And the secret stands revealed,  
 Fraudulent Time in vain concealed,  
 That blessed gods in servile masks  
 Plied for thee thy household tasks.

*R. W. Emerson*

### THE GALLERY.

[We had many things to say in this Number concerning art and its works and its workmen, but an unlooked for amount of matter of foreign contribution has constrained us, were it only through courtesy, to exclude the home-made. But we will draw one paper out of our folio, at the risk of depriving it of some of its grace by detachment from its chapter, that our Journal may not go quite without homage to the laws of Fine Art ; for " Art," as Dr. Waagen writes, " is an expression of the mind, whose peculiar character cannot be supplied by anything else."]

Ho, Amico ! Stop a moment, and let me have a word or two with you. I was in Concord yesterday ; and talking about pictures. W— said we must have some account of the Gallery, and asked me to write it for him. But I knew myself too well to write with anything but the brush, and so they carried it by acclaim that you must do it for them.

*Amico.* Proh Jupiter ! I do it for them ! Why, my dear Pictor, I have been running away from pictures I know not how long, and they seem destined to be my bane. For my sins once upon a time I set up for a critic. I had done a great deal better to have written a book. Then I did not care whose glass was broken, and I went about decrying daubers, and preaching up art. Many were the aggrieved, many the ladies offended that their *soft pictures* were pronounced emphatically *rather too soft* ; — and as to the artists, it is only with the new generation that I begin to be upon speaking terms. And besides, what good did I ever do by it ?

*Pictor.* Yes, but then you were in your youthful extravagance. " Aut hoc aut nihil " was your watchword ; — you have now more patience with mediocrity ?

*Amico.* My young friend, you call yourself a painter. Nay

more, you delight to be called Artist. Now lay this close to your heart; If you accept mediocrity, you shall have mediocrity, and nought else.

*Pictor.* Here we are at the door of the Gallery; shall we go in?

*Amico.* As you will.

*Pictor.* Now look around you, Amico. Here are a hundred or two of pictures; — not one of them that was painted without some thought. Each was a striving towards expression; each an attempt to embody the ideal. Now is it philosophical to throw them aside *en masse*? Nay, if you are a true critic, does not each demand of you, that you shall divine its law, and judge it thereby?

*Amico.* I must confess, not being an artist myself, I am not sure how far each picture is an attempt, or striving of the kind you name. But let me ask a few questions of you as to this process of creation. Here are two pictures of your own now, the "Neapolitan Girl" and the "Old Oak Tree." Which of these two is your favorite?

*Pictor.* The Girl is the last, and the last conquest is always the dearest; — but before I had painted that, I loved the Old Oak better than any of my pictures. But then there is a reason for that. Two years ago, before I had fully determined to be a bonâ fide painter, I went into Berkshire with E——, who is now in Europe, to spend the College Vacation. Now besides being a poet, E—— has of all persons I ever saw the most far-sighted eye into nature, and I may truly say he opened my eyes. This huge pasture was our favorite resort. As you see in the picture, there is no fence in sight, so that it is as good as if there were none in the world. You see these bare hills covered with warm brown grass, and here and there with stunted bushes, on which the shadows skip so beautifully, — that bold ridge covered with pine trees, that stands out far beyond the rest of the range into the valley, and round whose base the river winds, — and that fortunate old mill, whose position makes it as invaluable as a castle in the landscape. Well, I know not how it happened, but those were most happy days for us; — each morning we would start with our sketch-books and our dinner, and make our way to this old, scathed, and leafless oak; and whatever point in the horizon attracted us, thither we went; and sometimes were gone for days, as occurred when we went to that blue mountain in the distance. I know not if it were the clear mountain air we breathed, or the sympathy and affection that bound us together, but I have never before or since experienced the serene happiness of those days. I have been ever since struggling with the world and life, and poor E——, the gentle, the ten-



der-hearted, has been cheated of the future upon which, like a spendthrift, he lived so prodigally. I suppose something of my sad feeling has crept into the picture.

*Amico.* Well; — and now about the other picture? I shall be surprised if it has as long a story.

*Pictor.* I confess it has not. It was a head sketch from a sitter, because I thought it graceful, — and finished because I thought the sketch good. But don't you like it? Do you not think it a great improvement in my coloring?

*Amico.* Friend, I care not for your coloring, at least not now. When you painted the old oak, you were a man. The world opened before you in those days, as it should every day. Feeling as you did then, you could not but paint.

*Pictor.* But my good Amico! Would you have me walk upon stilts all the time? Or should I paint any better, because I live *tête exaltée*?

*Amico.* Were you upon stilts then?

*Pictor.* I should be an apostate to all my better feelings to say I was. But such states are involuntary. They are the gift of the gods.

*Amico.* Now, O my friend! you have touched the root of the matter. You want *faith*, without which was no great character ever built up, no great work achieved. And, Pictor, you may paint till you reach threescore and ten, and you may please yourself with the idea that you are forming a style, or adding to your knowledge of color, but unless you have faith, you shall not be saved. And now you may understand why I demur, as to our being called on to criticise every painting according to its law.

*Pictor.* But surely you do not contend that the painters, as a class, have been of that high and severe character you demand of us.

*Amico.* "The painters as a class" I do not speak of, but the artists, — the men who created art. Most painters think they have done enough, when they have acquired all the age can teach them. To the Artist this is but the Alphabet wherewith he shall teach the age.

*Pictor.* But you demand that we should all do that which Nature permits only to her favorites.

*Amico.* Tell me now; did you ever notice how rich certain past eras have been in these "favorites," as you call them?

*Pictor.* Certainly; and the race, I often think, has degenerated.

*Amico.* Do you suppose this degeneracy is in the child, or the man?

*Pictor.* Doubtless, if the child be the same that he was in the

days of Raphael, his chance of being a painter is infinitely less from the prosaic tendency of everything around us. Why, Raphael created painters not less than pictures!

*Amico.* Did he create them by exciting their enthusiasm, or by giving them some part of himself?

*Pictor.* Of course, by calling out what was in them.

*Amico.* Then it was *in* them. That is all I want. Now if many men have the power, what we want is to call it out. Which, think you, is the nobler way, and most likely to lead to great results, — to wait if perchance some one may come along sufficient to excite your enthusiasm, or to take the matter in your own hands and wait for no man? Nay, is not the history of the great a sufficient answer? *They all went alone.*

*Pictor.* This is fine theory, Amico; but you demand the impossible. Your great men made painting, and that is their title to glory. But for us the field is filled. There remain no such conquests in art for us, as Raphael and Giotto made.

*Amico.* O man of little faith! Is there nothing for Columbus to do now, because America has been discovered? We stand all upon a Western shore, with a whole unknown world awaiting our discovery. To believe it is there, is faith. To know it, is given to no man. Where would have been the merit of the great Cristoval, if some messenger had revealed all to him?

Be a new Ulysses. Do you remember the old Florentine's verses? Tennyson has hammered them out very skilfully, but here is the gold itself.

“Nè dolcezza del figlio, nè la pieta  
Del vecchio padre, nè 'l debito amore  
Lo qual dovea Penelope far lieta,  
Vincer potero dentro a me l'ardore  
Ch'io ebbi a divenir nel mondo esperto,  
E degli vizi umani e del valore;  
Ma misi me per l'alto mare aperto  
Sol con un legno, e con quella compagna  
Picciola dalla qual non fui deserto.

\* \* \* \* \*

O frati, dissi, che per cento milia  
Perigli siete giunti all'occidente,  
A questa tanto picciola vigilia  
De' vostri sensi, ch'è di rimanente,  
Non vogliate negar l'esperienza,  
Dietro al sol, del mondo senza gente.  
Considerate la vostra semenza:  
Fatti non foste, a viver come bruti,  
Ma per seguir virtute e conoscenza.”

*Inferno, Canto XXVI.*

*Saml G. Ward.*

## RECORD OF THE MONTHS.

*Poems.* By ALFRED TENNYSON. Two Volumes. Boston : W. D. Ticknor.

TENNYSON is more simply the songster than any poet of our time. With him the delight of musical expression is first, the thought second. It was well observed by one of our companions, that he has described just what we should suppose to be his method of composition in this verse from "The Miller's Daughter."

"A love-song I had somewhere read,  
An echo from a measured strain,  
Beat time to nothing in my head  
From some odd corner of the brain.  
It haunted me, the morning long,  
With weary sameness in the rhymes,  
*The phantom of a silent song,*  
*That went and came a thousand times."*

So large a proportion of even the good poetry of our time is either over-ethical or over-passionate, and the stock poetry is so deeply tainted with a sentimental egotism, that this, whose chief merits lay in its melody and picturesque power, was most refreshing. What a relief, after sermonizing and wailing had dulled the sense with such a weight of cold abstraction, to be soothed by this ivory lute!

Not that he wanted nobleness and individuality in his thoughts, or a due sense of the poet's vocation; but he won us to truths, not forced them upon us; as we listened, the cope

"Of the self-attained futurity  
Was cloven with the million stars which tremble  
O'er the deep mind of dauntless infamy."

And he seemed worthy thus to address his friend,

"Weak truth a-leaning on her crutch,  
Wan, wasted truth in her utmost need,  
Thy kingly intellect shall feed,  
Until she be an athlete bold."

Unless thus sustained, the luxurious sweetness of his verse must have wearied. Yet it was not of aim or meaning we thought most, but of his exquisite sense for sounds and melodies, as marked by himself in the description of Cleopatra.

"Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range,  
Touched by all passion, did fall down and glance  
From tone to tone, and glided through all change  
Of liveliest utterance."

Or in the fine passage in the Vision of Sin, where

“Then the music touched the gates and died;  
Rose again from where it seemed to fail,  
Stormed in orbs of song, a growing gale;” &c.

Or where the Talking Oak composes its serenade for the pretty Alice;—but indeed his descriptions of melody are almost as abundant as his melodies, though the central music of the poet's mind is, he says, as that of the

“fountain  
Like sheet lightning,  
Ever brightening  
With a low melodious thunder;  
All day and all night it is ever drawn  
From the brain of the purple mountain  
Which stands in the distance yonder:  
It springs on a level of bowery lawn,  
And the mountain draws it from heaven above,  
And it sings a song of undying love.”

Next to his music, his delicate, various, gorgeous music, stands his power of picturesque representation. And his, unlike those of most poets, are eye-pictures, not mind-pictures. And yet there is no hard or tame fidelity, but a simplicity and ease at representation (which is quite another thing from reproduction) rarely to be paralleled. How, in the Palace of Art, for instance, they are unrolled slowly and gracefully, as if painted one after another on the same canvass. The touch is calm and masterly, though the result is looked at with a sweet, self-pleasing eye. Who can forget such as this, and of such there are many, painted with as few strokes and with as complete a success?

“A still salt pool, locked in with bars of sand;  
Left on the shore; that hears all night  
The plunging seas draw backward from the land  
Their moon-led waters white.”

Tennyson delights in a garden. Its groups, and walks, and mingled bloom intoxicate him, and us through him. So high is his organization, and so powerfully stimulated by color and perfume, that it heightens all our senses too, and the rose is glorious, not from detecting its ideal beauty, but from a perfection of hue and scent, we never felt before. All the earlier poems are flower-like, and this tendency is so strong in him, that a friend observed, he could not keep up the character of the tree in his Oak of Summer Chase, but made it talk like an “enormous flower.” The song,

“A spirit haunts the year's last hours,”

is not to be surpassed for its picture of the autumnal garden.

The new poems, found in the present edition, show us our friend of ten years since much altered, yet the same. The light he sheds on the world is mellowed and tempered. If the charm he threw around us before was somewhat too sensuous, it is not so now; he is deeply thoughtful; the dignified and graceful man has displaced the Antinous beauty of the youth. His melody is less rich, less intoxicating, but deeper; a sweetness from the soul, sweetness as of the hived honey of fine experiences, replaces the sweetness which captivated the ear only, in many of his earlier verses. His range of subjects was great before, and is now such that he would seem too merely the amateur, but for the success in each, which says that the same fluent and apprehensive nature, which threw itself with such ease into the forms of outward beauty, has now been intent rather on the secrets of the shaping spirit. In 'Locksley Hall,' 'St. Simeon Stylites,' 'Ulysses,' 'Love and Duty,' 'The Two Voices,' are deep tones, that bespeak that acquaintance with realities, of which, in the 'Palace of Art,' he had expressed his need. The keen sense of outward beauty, the ready shaping fancy, had not been suffered to degrade the poet into that basest of beings, an intellectual voluptuary, and a pensive but serene wisdom hallows all his song.

His opinions on subjects, that now divide the world, are stated in two or three of these pieces, with that temperance and candor of thought, now more rare even than usual, and with a simplicity bordering on homeliness of diction, which is peculiarly pleasing, from the sense of plastic power and refined good sense it imparts.

A gentle and gradual style of narration, without prolixity or tameness, is seldom to be found in the degree in which such pieces as 'Dora' and 'Godiva' display it. The grace of the light ballad pieces is as remarkable in its way, as was his grasp and force in 'Oriana.' 'The Lord of Burleigh,' 'Edward Gray,' and 'Lady Clare,' are distinguished for different shades of this light grace, tender, and speaking more to the soul than the sense, like the different hues in the landscape, when the sun is hid in clouds, so gently shaded that they seem but the echoes of themselves.

I know not whether most to admire the bursts of passion in 'Locksley Hall,' the playful sweetness of the 'Talking Oak,' or the mere catching of a cadence in such slight things as

"Break, break, break  
On thy cold gray stones, O sea," &c.

Nothing is more uncommon than the lightness of touch, which gives a charm to such little pieces as the 'Skipping Rope.'

We regret much to miss from this edition 'The Mystic,' 'The Deserted House,' and 'Elegiacs,' all favorites for years past, and not to be disparaged in favor of any in the present collection. England, we believe, has not shown a due sense of the merits of this poet, and to us is given the honor of rendering homage more readily to an accurate and elegant intellect, a musical reception of nature, a high tendency in thought, and a talent of singular fineness, flexibility, and scope.

— Emerson.

*A Letter to Rev. Wm. E. Channing, D. D.* By O. A. BROWN-SON. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1842.

THAT there is no knowledge of God possible to man but a subjective knowledge, — no revelation but the development of the individual within himself, and to himself, — are prevalent statements, which Mr. Brownson opposes by a single formula, that *life is relative in its very nature*. God alone is; all creatures live by virtue of what is not themselves, no less than by virtue of what is themselves, the prerogative of man being to do consciously, that is, more or less intelligently. Mr. Brownson carefully discriminates between Essence and Life. Essence, being object to itself, alone has freedom, which is what the old theologians named sovereignty; — a noble word for the thing intended, were it not desecrated in our associations, in being usurped by creatures that are slaves to time and circumstance. But life implies a causative object, as well as causative subject; wherefore *creatures* are only free by Grace of God.

That men should live, with God for predominating object, is the Ideal of Humanity, or the Law of Holiness, in the highest sense; for this object alone can emancipate them from what is below themselves. But a nice discrimination must be made here. The Ideal of Humanity, as used by Mr. Brownson, does not mean the highest idea of himself, which a man can form by induction on himself as an individual; it means God's idea of man, which shines into every man from the beginning; "Enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world," though his darkness comprehendeth it not, until it is "made flesh." It is by virtue of that freedom which is God's alone, and which is the issue of absolute love, that is, "because God so loved the world," he takes up the subject, Jesus, and makes himself objective to him without measure, thereby rendering his life as divine as it is human, though it remains also as human, — strictly speaking, — as it is divine.

To all men's consciousness it is true that God is objective in a degree, or they were not distinctively human. His glory is refracted, as it were, to their eyes, through the universe. But



only in a man, to whom he has made himself the imperative object, does he approach men, in all points, in such degree as to make them divine. He is no less free (sovereign) in coming to each man in Christ, than, in the first instance, in making Jesus of Nazareth the Christ. Men are only free inasmuch as they are open to this majestic access, and are able to pray with St. Augustine, "What art thou to me, oh Lord? *Have mercy on me that I may ask.* The house of my soul is too strait for thee to come into; but let it, oh Lord, be enlarged by thee. It is ruinous, but let it be repaired by thee," &c.

The Unitarian Church, as Mr. Brownson thinks, indicates truth, in so far as it insists on the life of Jesus as being that wherein we find grace; but in so far as it does not perceive that this life is something more than a series of good actions, which others may reproduce, it leans on an arm of flesh, and puts an idol in the place of Christ. The Trinitarian Church, he thinks, therefore, has come nearer the truth, by its formulas of doctrine; and especially the Roman Catholic Church, by the Eucharist. The error of both Churches has been to predicate of the being, Jesus, what is only true of his life. The being, Jesus, was a man; his life is God. It is the doctrine of John the Evangelist throughout, that the soul lives by the real presence of Jesus Christ, as literally as the body lives by bread. The unchristianized live only partially, by so much of the word as shines in the darkness which may not hinder it quite. This partial life repeats in all time the prophecies of antiquity, and is another witness to Jesus Christ, "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

Mr. Brownson thinks that he has thus discovered a formula of "the faith once delivered to the saints," which goes behind and annihilates the controversy between Unitarians and Trinitarians, and may lead them both to a deeper comprehension and clearer expression of the secret of life.

—R. W. Emerson.

*Lectures on Modern History, from the Irruption of the Northern Nations to the close of the American Revolution.* By WM. SMYTH, Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge.

THIS work is not exactly what it professes to be. It is rather a series of lectures on the method in which modern history is to be studied. It directs the student to the most important subjects in the modern history of Europe and America, and points out to him the sources in the English and French languages, where he is to seek information. It is, in short, a guide-book of modern history, and as such of great value. Mr. Smyth

gives a running commentary on the works also to which he refers. His criticisms are always valuable. He is above the general cant of criticism, which judges a man and his work by the hair balance of the critic's own coterie.

The judgment he passes on the three great English writers, Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson, appears just and impartial. His estimate of Gibbon is manly and just, and well worthy the attention of the student of history. — Vol. I. p. 82, sqq. Vol. II. p. 421, et al. It is a word in season to caution youth against the dangerous influence of that dazzling genius. Mr. Smyth refers to the most celebrated sources; appears familiar with most of the French and English writers; but never mentions the German laborers in the historical field. The omission of their rich and beautiful works in this department we regard as the most serious defect of the "Lectures."

The sentiments and opinions of the author must commend him, we think, to every friend of man. It is seldom we have risen from a book with so high a sense of moral approbation of its author. He is always on the side of Justice, Freedom, and Truth. The unobtrusive spirit of Religion gives a charm to his pages. Among the portions of the work which have struck us as most ably treated, are the Laws of the Barbarians, Lecture II; The Dark Ages, Lect. IV; Charles the First, and the Events that followed his Time, Lect. XV–XVII; The Revolution, Lect. XX; Prussia and Maria Theresa, Lect. XXIX; and the American War, Lect. XXXI–XXXVI.

We will only add, that the work is furnished with a list of books on European History, and another, by Mr. Sparks, on American History. A brief chronological table is conveniently put at the end of Vol. II.

*Amerson*

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#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

In the present Number we have already drawn largely from sources opened to us by our new correspondents in England, to whom also the article on Cromwell is to be credited, yet have not found room for all the papers sent us from London. Especially we acknowledge the kindness which has sent us a fair manuscript copy of the old English Translation of four out of the seventeen books of Hermes Trismegistus. We design to make use of this document as part of our series of uncanonical scriptures, although the due chapter of that series is also omitted in this Number. We are indebted to two other English correspondents; to one for an article on Hennell, which we have at last decided not to print, and shall return to the author; to another for a curious volume entitled "The Natural Origin and Progress of Theology," with whose contents we are not yet sufficiently acquainted to enable us to express at present more than our thanks.

From London we learn that John A. Heraud, Esq. contemplates a visit to Massachusetts, and proposes to deliver in Boston a course of six Lectures "on Christism as distinct from Christianity."

*Lecture I.*—A difference recognised and justified by accepted Orthodox Writers, between the Religion of the New Testament and the Religion of the Church. As great a difference between Sect and Sect, and all and each of the sects and the New Testament. Practical and speculative differences between the lives of Christians and the life of Jesus the Christ. Substitution of the doctrines of the Scholars for those of the Master. The former first called Christians at Antioch—hence Christianity—which, as the word implies, is the Doctrine of Christians, not of the Christ. Another name wanted for the Truth as taught by the Master himself. The name of Christism proposed.

*Lecture II.*—What is Christism?

*Lecture III.*—What is Christianity?

*Lecture IV.*—The Evils which have attended Christianity not chargeable on Christism. Infidel objections not applicable to Christism.

*Lecture V.*—Origin, Influence, and End of Infidelity. Downfall of Christianity.

*Lecture VI.*—Final Triumph of Christism. The Kingdom of Heaven upon Earth.

Those who are interested in education will learn with satisfaction, that Mr. Henry G. Wright, the Principal of the Alcott-House School, with his friend Mr. Lane, will soon visit Boston, and perhaps establish a school in this country on the spiritual principles of which they are the earnest and enlightened advocates.

We copy from M. Vericour's book on Modern French Literature the following account of the French Journals.

"It has hitherto been found impracticable to maintain a French Review on the plan of the best English Reviews, for which we cannot well account. It may be that the impossibility arises from the public mind in France being too versatile and transient, and from parties and opinions undergoing such rapid and frequent changes and modifications. \* \* \* \* \* We are justified in affirming that the only Reviews, which possess the recommendation of long standing and general popularity, are the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Revue de Paris*, and they are published more in the form of the English Magazines than of the great Reviews. And yet scarcely a year passes but painful efforts to establish new critical periodicals are witnessed, which invariably prove abortive; the puny productions perish for lack of sustenance, after the most ephemeral of existences. One exception, however, must be noted in favor of the *Revue de Progrès*, which is edited with powerful energy by M. Louis Blanc. It has drawn the attention of the French public, by the strong democratic principles it upholds, the bold tenets it has avowed in the face of the world, and the host of superior men who coöperate in its publication. The *Revue de Paris* is a weekly journal, containing critical notices, light tales, and worldly chit chat, always elegant and sprightly in tone and matter, and especially calculated to beguile the leisure hours of the boudoir. The *Revue de Deux Mondes* frequently gives masterpieces of criticism; such are the articles of De Carné, Saint-Beuve, Mignet, Marmier, Lerminier, Chasles, Charles Mag-

nin, and others. \* \* \* With respect to Reviews, we have specified the only two that have had any standing and permanency of merit. As to the monthly review called *Journal des Savants*, it would be a gross error to rank it among the ordinary periodicals of any country. It is in fact a review of the highest order, but at once private and national; it only notices works of the first merit and utility; it is printed by the royal press, and the committee of authors, who prepare its articles, is composed of sixteen members belonging to the various sections of the Royal Institute. It is in the *Journal des Savants* that the admirable classical dissertations of Letronne and Burnouf, the valuable scientific investigations of Biot and Libri, the philosophical analyses of Cousin and Villemain, are found."

*Berlin.* We alluded in our last Number to the installation of Schelling, as Lecturer on Philosophy at Berlin. The seventh volume of Hegel's Works, containing the second part of the *Encyclopædie* now in the course of publication, we have since received. The editor Michelet speaks thus in the preface respecting Schelling, his author's successor in the professional chair.

"That the appearance of this work should happen to be contemporaneous with the arrival of Schelling in Berlin, is one of those turns of fate in which history is rich. Here let the author of the *Natur Philosophie* behold the completion of the edifice, of which he could only lay the foundation. Here let him salute the Genius of the friend who came after him in a work, from which he himself, as the father of this science, among all the living derives the greatest honor. But if he supposes it to be his mission to 'conduct philosophy out of the undeniably difficult position in which it now finds itself,' and to save it from 'miserable shipwreck and the destruction of all great convictions,' in order to 'actually lead it through into the promised land of philosophy,' he must not expect that he can resume the sceptre of philosophy long since wrested from his grasp, without a scientific refutation of these genuine children of his own philosophizing. The 'leaf in the history of philosophy,' which he left half written forty years ago, has long since been turned over by his successor and filled up. The results have been deduced and acknowledged by life. The history of philosophy has not been silent, because Schelling held his peace. Philosophy has not wanted a 'free, unembarrassed, on all sides unfettered movement,' because Schelling, on account of his 'inward nature,' feels himself hampered and uncomfortable in the scientific strictness of a dialectically progressive method. If he does but repeat again in this 'Metropolis of German philosophy, where its fortunes are to be decided,' the promises of forty years — if the whole world is still to misunderstand him — if his first philosophy has yielded 'only the unthinkable' (*das nicht zu denkende*) while his second fetches all that is positive in it from a region without the rational; then, notwithstanding his most explicit assurances to the contrary, he has sacrificed the genuine freedom of scientific reasoning, and will founder against the shadow of the giant, whom he thought to overpass.

"At all events we await him here on the battle ground, where the hero-forms of modern German philosophy still go about; and so far from being 'troublesome' to us, — so far from our not being able to 'dispose of him,' we may see cause to ascribe his relapse into a philosophy of Revelation to the impossibility of remaining still on the dizzy height of the youthful stand-point of his intellectual intuition."

*Emerson.*